

# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 15, 1968 40 CENTS

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## Next week

**THE MASTERS**, dominated for a decade by Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus was won by Gary Brewer last year. Now a fresh wave of challengers tries to turn that into a trend.

**FIREY** Jack Sengle is, some of the time, a trainer of athletic teams and a physiotherapist, but mostly he is the passionate defender and protector of the storied Boston Marathon.

**MAR OF IRONY** is Phil Woolpert, whose matchless achievements as a basketball coach yielded him no peace, but who now finds fulfillment on a tranquil campus in San Diego



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# BOOKTALK

Four new volumes, each from its own special perspective, examine the ocean.

Books about the sea are like waves along a beach; they keep rolling in. As every good surfer knows, not every wave is worth riding, but in the past few months at least four books about the sea and its shores have appeared that will reward a reader's plunge.

In the most basic of them, *The Ever-Changing Sea* (Knopf, New York, \$7.95), Authors David B. Ericson and Goesta Wollin deal for the most part with the latest oceanographic findings of the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University of which they are both staff members.

Their emphasis is on the physical aspects of the sea, with chapters on circulation in the ocean, changing sea levels, wave formation and the face of the earth beneath all the water. The book is likely to be of more interest to the student than, say, to a fisherman (though there is a chapter on life in the depths), but it is well written and highly informative. One chapter concerns the well-publicized Mohole Project, in which scientists hoped to drill a hole 15,000 to 30,000 feet deep into the ocean floor until Congress scotched the project.

In *The Frail Ocean* (Coward-McCann, New York, \$5.95), Wesley Marx declaims on the spoliation of the sea and its coastal regions with all the fervor one might expect of a man bearing the names of two ecologists. He tells of a mysterious paralysis that afflicted a Japanese who ate seafood from Minamata Bay and of how subsequent investigation showed the ailment was caused by the toxic mercury effluent discharged into the water by a chemical factory. He discusses the dying kelp beds of the California coast and blighting of many estuaries. Overall, his book is something of a mishmash, but it does contain much of interest and may be of service to those seeking to stop further corruption of the waters around us.

Along this line, John Clark, president of the American Littoral Society, has compiled a paper-bound handbook called *Fish & Man* that outlines the problems of the Atlantic Coast. Clark warns, as have many before him, that the valuable fishery resources of the coast are in danger of extreme depletion from poorly planned community and industrial "development," and he gives a state-by-state rundown, from Maine to Florida, on the problems and the adequacy or inadequacy of state laws to meet them. Clark is a biologist and, in fact, assistant director of the U.S. Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife Gamefish Laboratory at Sandy Hook, and he knows the problems first hand. *Fish & Man* costs \$1, and copies of it may be procured by mail from the American Littoral

continued



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## BOOKTALK *continued*

Society, Sandy Hook, Highlands, N.J. 07732.

Finally, there is Matjory Barlett Sanger's *World of the Great White Heron* (Devon-Adair, New York, \$10), which is not so much about the marvelous bird Audubon first made known to science in 1832, as about the natural and human history of the waters in which it lives and the islands that dot them: the Florida Keys.

"Like pearls on a string," Mrs. Sanger writes, "the islands of the Florida Keys curve from the Everglades to Key West. On and around them, above and beside them, whole colonies of animal and plant life inhabit the reefs and shallows, the beaches and hammocks, the sea and the sky. Something is lost if one surveys the landscape with its shimmering, multicolored and changeable beauty and has not some conception of its meaning, and usually hidden, wildlife communities."

Mrs. Sanger writes of the life of the Keys in all its many forms. She writes of the first Spanish explorers, shipwrecks (residents of Key West reaped as much as \$1.5 million one year in salvage), murderous plume hunters, Conchs and Cubans, the storms that ravaged the chain, and, of course, John James Audubon.

Audubon was already famous when he arrived at the Keys in the revenue cutter the smugglers called *Lady of the Green Man*. "It is no secret," says Mrs. Sanger, "that Audubon had been disappointed in northern Florida. . . .

"But from aboard the *Lady* he gazed with 'delightful feelings' on the jade water of Florida Bay with its bands of cobalt and citrin and apple-green, its milky marl and sculptured reefs and coral sand, its 'flocks of birds that covered the shelly beaches' and the countless islands the Spaniards had called *cayos*, 'little isles.' "

There is an enthralling chapter on Henry Flagler's effort to build the railroad to Key West. In 1906 more than a hundred railroad laborers were killed by a hurricane; three years later 40 more died in another storm, but Flagler finally completed the line in 1912 and rode the first train in celebration. "He had been eighty-two just twenty days before. He was frail, with eyesight that had failed badly. But no matter how it felt about the railroad, they gave him a gala welcome. Conchs and Cubans crowded into the station on Trumbo Island. Many of them had never seen a train before. A thousand school children threw rose petals at an already legendary figure who wept because he could not see them. It is poetically easy to identify Flagler in the photographs of the festivities. He is the one holding the big white handkerchief to his face." Artist John Henry Dick has contributed 43 superb line drawings to help make Mrs. Sanger's book one of the most rewarding of the season.

—ROBERT H. BOYER

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

## Sports Illustrated

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Our annual Baseball Issue package, which begins on page 50 with William Leggett's appraisal of the season ahead, includes a detailed analysis of each of the 20 major league teams, presents two dozen full-color photographs of key players and exciting moments in the season past and concludes with a report from the other side of the fence—the first of two articles by Sal (The Barber) Maglie, onetime pitching star for the Giants and Dodgers and, until last fall, the pitching coach of 1967's sensational Boston Red Sox.

After Maglie was fired by the Red Sox, we surmised that he might have some interesting things to say, not just about the Boston situation but about his own rather turbulent career as a pitcher. Writer Mark Mulvey, a Boston boy who is acquainted with Maglie, got in touch with Sal at his home in Niagara Falls. "I had a little trouble tracking him down," Mulvey says. "Then I remembered eating with him in Kansas City one night last August. I figured he'd go to the Stockyards for some steak, but Sal gave the cabby some crazy address, and after a 15-minute ride through dark streets and down little alleys we got to a place called Gaetano's. Sal knew the owner, the bartender and half the people in the place, and we had a superb Italian dinner with a marvelous red wine. Sal loves good Italian food. So I checked around and found that in Niagara Falls, Sal eats at the Conno Restaurant. I called him there and told him about the idea, and he was so much for it he almost jumped through the phone."

Senior Editor Robert H. Boyle went to Maglie's home to work with him. "Niagara Falls in the winter is not my idea of a junket," Boyle says. "I kept suggesting to Sal that we go to Florida to get that spring-training mood, but he said he had all his scrapbooks right there at home. Actually, our sessions were very pleasant. I used to be a fanatic Dodger fan, and I dreaded the days when Maglie pitched for

the Giants against us, but when he eventually came over to the Dodgers I was overjoyed. The first time I ever saw Maglie pitch was in 1950 at the Polo Grounds. He had pitched four straight shutouts and had something like 45 consecutive scoreless innings—very close to Carl Hubbell's National League record—when Gus Bell of the Pirates hit a cheap home run down that phony right-field line. It didn't go 270 feet. I mentioned that to Sal, and he not only remembered the day and the score and the batter, he remembered the pitch he threw, a curveball inside. Sal has extraordinary recall, and working with him is merely a matter of guiding him chronologically. The words are all his. He was great to listen to. I'm only sorry that the assignment is finished, because I could have listened to him for weeks. Except that next time I'd like it to be in Florida."

Margaret Millar, the noted mystery writer whose story on bird watching begins on page 104, was the first of her family to take up bird watching, but she was not the first to have an article on the subject in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. That honor goes to her equally noted mystery-writer husband, Ken (pen name: Ross Macdonald), who wrote for us 151. April 6, 1964) on the plight of the vanishing California condor. We were gently reminded of this by Mr. Millar when we phoned to talk to his wife about excerpting her book, *The Birds and the Beasts Were There*. "I've been told," he said, "that the story I did for you is going to be read into the *Congressional Record* in support of a conservation bill." Being a bird watcher, he was obviously pleased. Being author watchers, so are we.

Gary Hall

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**CAVALIER** V-hull-jetted beauty boats from 17 to 26 feet. Seaworthy marine plywood hulls with smooth sides (Fiberglass) and lap-strike sides (Cruiseflex).



**CRUSADER** Two sturdy low priced cruisers at 20 and 26 ft. unusual values with fiberglass mahogany hulls and double bottom handplane mahogany interiors.



SEA SKIFF

**SEA SKIFF** Fastening Coreflex (Cruiseflex) and Glazer Grand bridge. Full lap-strike models 25 to 43 ft. Open boats, cruisers, and overnighters.



**COMMANDER** America's finest fiberglass boat, built with the industry's most advanced technology. Luxury cruising, yacht, and sport fishermen 27 to 45 feet.



ROAMER 1968

**ROAMER** Beautiful models of steel or aluminum, offering extra safety and seaworthiness and requiring minimum maintenance. Leisure models from 37 to 57 feet.



The 1968 Constellations

**CHRIS-CRAFT** Constellations. The finest Philippine mahogany cruisers and yachts about. 7 models from 30 to 65 ft. Chris-Craft sport boats also featured.



CORSAIR '68

**CORSAIR** High performance sport boats of quality fiberglass construction. Transducer and recessed models from 17½ ft. to 23 ft. including famous Laser deep-sea.

## We'll send you any 2 catalogs free -or all 7 for \$2.00.

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☐ I enclose two dollars (\$2.00), please send me a complete set of seven catalogs: (Canadian money accepted at par)

OR Please send me absolutely free the two catalogs checked below

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**BONUS** All orders will include free literature on Chris-Craft Sailboats

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Hurry! Mail coupon now; offer expires May 31, 1968!

# One of these new MacGregor Clubs is right for you!

**MT or DX? One can help you  
to a better game.**

MT TOURNEY CLUBS are for optimum trajectory. New Tourney Action Shaft gets shots up faster and out farther. Solid Persimmon woods (the Pro's won't use anything else) feature a Four-Way Roll that minimizes hooks and slices for more fairway yardage. New back design on wide-faced irons concentrates weight evenly behind entire hitting area. Everything contributes to greater distance with excellent control.

## Then who needs the DX Tourney?

DX TOURNEYS are for golfers who finesse their shots—the strong hitter who can fade, draw, loft or punch at will. You supply the power and the shot—the DX does exactly what you command. Tourney Flex Shaft, solid Persimmon woods and classic compact blade irons all spell added control.

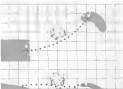
MT or DX? It depends on your game but one is *right* for you. Just say "MacGregor Tourney" and let your Pro take it from there. Write for 1968 MacGregor Professional Golf Equipment Buyer's Guide, Dept. SWT 415.

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NEW TOURNEY ACTION SHAFT has perfect flex action to help you get shots up faster, not further.



TOURNEY FLEX SHAFT offers controlled action that lets you add finesse to your more difficult shots.





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If you'd like to get around the high cost of living, we have a suggestion:

Cut down on the high cost of getting around.

And buy a Volkswagen. It's only \$1699\*.

That's around \$1200 less than the average amount paid for a new car today. (Leave it in the bank. More's coming.)

A VW saves you hundreds of dollars on upkeep over the years.

It takes pints, not quarts, of oil.

Not one iota of antifreeze.

And it gets about 27 miles to the gallon. The average car (thirsty devil that it is) only gets 14.

So the more you drive, the more you save.

And chances are, you'll drive it for years and years. (Since we never change the style, a VW never goes out of style.)

Of course, a VW's not much to look at. So a lot of people buy a big flashy car just to save face.

Try putting that in the bank.



# The briefs for men who could never stand briefs.



You might call this a brief comfort story. Because Allen-A has taken briefs and actually made them comfortable.

First of all, they give you excellent support. (The reason many men wear briefs in the first place.)

But what also makes Allen-A "Dittos" briefs special are things they don't do. They don't ride up. Or pinch. Or crawl.

How come? Because these Permanent Press briefs made with 50% Quintess polyester and 50% combed cotton have a remarkable ability to keep in shape. And in place. And to stay smooth and wrinklefree.

What gives them this shape-retaining strength is Quintess polyester, a Phillips 66 fiber. And Allen-A's special process makes "Dittos" shrink resistant. They stay comfortable after washing.

The briefs (along with soft comfortable "Dittos" Permanent Press T-shirts and athletic shirts made with Quintess polyester and combed cotton) are available at department and men's stores.

Of course, another comfortable thing about Allen-A "Dittos" is the price. 2 for only \$3.00.



**QUINTESS POLYESTER**

A PHILLIPS 66 FIBER



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# SCORECARD

## REFLECTIONS

The cancellation of numerous sporting events as a consequence of the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King was a proper—if incidental—response to the tragedy and its riotous aftermath. But the killing may have a deeper effect on sport than the mere rescheduling of this week's athletic competitions. In particular, it may influence the decisions of some of our black athletes in regard to participation in the Mexico City Olympics.

Long-jumper Ralph Boston, who has steadfastly refused to join a Negro boycott of the Games, says he is now reassessing his position. "For the first time since the talks about the boycott began," Boston says, "I feel that I really have a valid reason to boycott. I sat and thought about it, and I see that if I go to Mexico City and represent the United States I would be representing people like the one that killed Dr. King. And there are more people like that going around. I feel that I shouldn't represent people like that. On the other hand, I feel if I don't go and someone else wins the medal and it goes to another country I haven't accomplished anything either."

"It is disturbing when a guy cannot even talk to people and he is shot for that. It makes you think that Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown are right. All my life I felt that violence wasn't the way to deal with the problem. How do you keep feeling this way when things like that keep happening? How?"

## RUN IDEA

Waiting for his spring fashion show to begin last week in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, Designer Bill Blass was complaining about his male models: "They take so much longer to dress than girls do." You could hardly blame them. Who, for instance, wants to rush right into the Philharmonic in yellow, square-toed gulf shoes (\$55), or in the blue-velvet dressing gown (\$175) that Mr. Blass

suggests is perfect for shooting pool?

There were a number of other sporting outfits in the collection—a \$1,000 raccooncoat that doubles as a bedspread and a "non-shooting shooting jacket for bird watchers." Blass capped his show with a battered-looking fisherman's hat (\$20) worn by a model with a day-old beard. The beard was a nice touch, but the hat needed something—perhaps some sweat around the hatband.

## GOING THEM THE RASPBERRY

As might have been expected, it is Leo Durocher who has come up with the most distinctive interpretation of baseball's contentious new spitball rule. He has been using it to give an intentional walk. The rule, its amendments having been amended, now reads, "The pitcher shall not bring his pitching hand in contact with his mouth or lips while in the 18-foot circle surrounding the pitcher's rubber. Penalty: For violation of this part of this rule, the umpire shall immediately call a ball."

In the eighth inning of a recent game between Cleveland and Chicago, Cub Pitcher Jim Ellis had a 3-and-0 count on Dave Nelson with a runner on third. The game was tied. Durocher leaned out of the dugout and yelled to Ellis, "Go to your mouth." Ellis dutifully licked his finger, flagrantly, defiantly and shamelessly. The umpire immediately called ball four, and the batter went to first. Ellis struck out the next man, ending the inning. In the ninth, the Indians got runners on first and third with nobody out. Strategy called for an intentional pass, and Durocher ordered Ellis to lick his fingers again—four times. Another walk.

"This shows just how ridiculous the rule is," Indian Manager Alvin Dark said. Durocher's idea not only saves time and the pitcher's energy, it eliminates the risk of a wild pitch, a balk, the catcher halting by stepping out too soon, or a steal by a runner.

Always on the lookout for a chance

to needle the Establishment—any establishment—Durocher has become something of an expert at free interpretation of new rules. Last year Leo sprung the "pinch-kneeler." This derived from a league directive that said the "next batter" must be out of the dugout and in the on-deck circle when the previous batter is at the plate. The aim of the directive, of course, was to keep the pitcher from malingering in the pleasant shade of the dugout and thus delaying the game when his turn came to bat. Durocher developed the technique of sending a guy "to kneel for the pitcher" in the on-deck circle. The pinch-kneeler's duty was simply to go out and kneel and sweat and knead a resin bag and, generally, to look interested in the game while the Cub pitcher stayed in the cool of the dugout. When the pitcher was up, Durocher would call the pinch-kneeler back and send the pitcher to the plate.

## LARGE ORDER

For years, the Bron-Shoe Company in Columbus, Ohio has been bronzing baby shoes for dotting parents, but recently the firm received an unusual order. The



Kansas State alumni club wanted one of the size 21EEE sneakers of Nick Pino, the school's 7'1" basketball player, made into a trophy. "The job dwarfed anything we have ever done," Vice President Robert Greene said, hardly choosing his words with care. "It was just before the copper strike ended, and I was afraid we would run out of materials."

Pino is a gentle giant who lacked aggressiveness and did not win a starting position on the Wildcat squad until his senior year. This season, however, he

continues

# What to look for in the "fine annual reports: a memory-

Of the millions of financial reports now pouring into America's mailboxes, many will go straight into America's trash cans. Pity—because these reports often contain information of vital importance to investors. For Merrill Lynch's 36-page basic guide to understanding financial reports, clip coupon. Meanwhile, glance over these five sometimes overlooked—but often revealing—elements which can bear on a stock's past, present and possible future.

Confronted by stacks of annual reports, even the most seasoned investor may overlook significant details.

This five-point Merrill Lynch checklist is by no means exhaustive. But it may remind you of some of the key factors that analysts study—and on which they formulate widely followed recommendations to investors.

Note: Remember that Merrill Lynch's interpretation of financial reports, supplemented by up-to-date data our Research Department gleans on more than 2,200 companies, is always yours for the asking.

## Dividends

### Paid out, or paid in?

Many investors consider a generous dividend sufficient reason for buying a company's stock. Maybe. Maybe not.

Check the balance sheet in your company's annual report for the amount of earnings retained, as well as the amount paid to shareholders.

It is frequently more beneficial—to a company and its shareholders—for the company to pay little or nothing in dividends, and to plow the maximum amount of earnings back into the business.

Reason: by retaining earnings, a company may avoid issuing new



Clip coupon for this free 36-page booklet.

stock, or borrowing at today's high interest rates. Reinvestment of retained earnings could enable a company to grow, and, hopefully, to increase profits.

Moral: Think twice before rejecting a stock simply because it pays a less-than-generous cash dividend. Look what has happened to Xerox and IBM over the long run.

## Non-recurring items

### Don't mistake a flash in the pan for genuine gold

If a company's earnings have risen spectacularly—with no significant increase in sales—it's worth your while to scrutinize the report for a reason.

Competition may have fallen by the wayside. Management may have changed. Any one of a dozen factors may have made a contribution that

will, hopefully, be repeated in years to come. Or, you may find from a scrutiny of the income statement that there has been a bonanza in the form of non-recurring income.

Example: a mining company, with 10,000 shares of common, has earnings one year of \$100,000. Next year, the company sells off an unworked claim for \$200,000. Earnings-per-share zoom from \$10 to \$30. Triple. But next year?

Non-recurring income may come from property sales, tax refunds, disposal of subsidiaries or a thousand generally unrepeatable special items. Non-recurring losses can take place, too. Either can present the unwary investor with a distorted idea of a company's future earnings potential.

## R and D

### Will new processes revolutionize profits?

When a company has exciting new product developments afoot or ahead, you'll frequently find significant details in its annual reports.

Two samples from the thousands of reports our analysts screen. Last year's Reynolds Metals report told of a record 122 patents awarded to the company, the most recent Ampex report stated that 67% of the year's sales were derived from products 4 years old or less.

Naturally, no company will reveal confidential details of its projects and patents in a public document. But canny investors, reading between the lines, often reap a valuable idea of a company's willingness to look ahead—and hence to its potential for "glamour" in the market.

# print" of this month's flood of jogger from Merrill Lynch

## Conversion of convertibles

**A poke in the eye—or a shot in the arm—for the common?**

Study the footnotes to your company's financial statements for details of outstanding convertible preferreds or bonds. Conversion of these senior securities into common can impair or improve earnings-per-share.

Suppose a company has earnings of \$10,000,000, with one million shares of common, and half-a-million shares of 4% preferred, convertible at one for one, outstanding. Payment on the preferred dividend is \$2,000,000, leaving \$8,000,000. Earnings-per-share of common \$8.

If the convertibles are converted, there is no preferred dividend to pay, but the \$10,000,000 earnings must be divided by one-and-a-half-million common shares. (One million of the old common, plus half a million of the new common.) Earnings-per-share drop to \$6.67. *A fall of a dollar thirty-three.*

Another company has the same earnings of \$10,000,000, the same million shares of common, the same half-million shares of preferred, also convertible at one for one. *But dividend on the preferred is 7 1/2%.* Payment on preferred dividend: \$3,750,000. Earnings remaining: \$6,250,000. Earnings-per-share of common, \$6.25.

If the convertibles of *this* company are converted, a heavier preferred dividend is eliminated. Result: earnings-per-share (\$10,000,000 divided by one-and-a-half-million shares) rise to \$6.67. *An increase of forty-two cents.*

**Invitation.** If your company's annual report does not give you *all* the details on convertibles you need, call, write, or stop by a Merrill Lynch office. If you hold convertible securities *yourself*, check with us to make sure that no special provision—such as a call or time limit—may be putting your interests in jeopardy.

## Bonds

**Is a major vintage coming to maturity?**

Many companies took advantage of the low interest rates of the 40's and 50's to issue debt securities such as bonds. Some of them are coming due for redemption. You'll generally find the principal amounts, *and the dates on which they're due*, in the fine print of the footnotes to a company's financial statements.

To raise new debt capital to replace such securities in today's markets, a

company must either pay materially higher interest rates, or "sweeten" its issues with convertibility or warrant provisions, or both. Either method may cause a drop in a company's earnings-per-share of common stock.

Example: a company has \$20,000,000 of 3% bonds due for redemption. Bond interest payable, \$600,000. If the company refinances the bonds at 6%, the interest will rise to \$1,200,000.

Bond interest is a pre-tax expense, so only about \$300,000 (half the increase) is lost to net earnings. Nonetheless, \$300,000 is \$300,000. If the company has a million shares of common outstanding, it's 30 cents a share!

If you're in doubt about the possible effects of refinancing on the price of any company's stock (or on its bonds) ask for our Research Department's opinion. No cost or obligation.

Investigate—then invest.



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Please send me—without charge or obligation—your booklet "How to read a Financial Report," explaining in simple terms the jargon of balance sheets and income statements, and how to interpret them.

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# New from the new South Bend Company



## A fly line that only a fish can pull under

Once an ordinary fly line gets worn, or snagged on a rock, it's usually done for. The plastic coating gets pierced, the line becomes waterlogged and stops floating.

But new Super Aero float is no ordinary fly line. We put two coats of extra-tough plastic over our braided nylon core. And in between we put millions of microscopic flotation spheres.

Super Aero float keeps on float-

ing even after a snag because the spheres aren't interconnected the way bubbles in ordinary line are. It floats high, for easy pick-up. And it's so smooth, it shoots through the guides with unbelievable speed.

In levels, double, weight-forward, and salt water tapers, plus specially designed tapered shooting heads. New 3-in-1 package has line, cleaner, and mono leader all at one low price. See it at your dealer's.



Send 50¢ for new South Bend Catalog in color, plus new folder on fly fishing, plus special 20-pg. Bonus Book of fishing tips. South Bend Tackle Co. Division of Gladding Corp., Box 365 IAB, Dept. AN, Miami, Fla. 33148.

### SCORECARD *continued*

was a major factor in State's winning the Big Eight Championship. Pino's shoe will be awarded annually to the team's "most inspirational player." K State may have quite a time finding an athlete big enough to fill it.

### THE SCOT

Jim Clark, 32, racing's foremost driver and the only one to win both the world driving championship and the Indianapolis 500 in the same year, was killed last Sunday on a course near Heidelberg, Germany in a comparatively modest Formula II race. On a bend in the fifth lap his Lotus Cosworth-Ford inexplicably spun off the road at better than 150 mph and crashed into trees. He apparently was killed outright. The track was wet, but then Clark was famous for his safe driving in rainy weather. The probable cause of the accident was a defect in the car's rear suspension.

Two weeks ago in Indianapolis, after Clark had tested a new turbine racer at astonishing speeds, he had dinner with some friends in a local restaurant. In the air was an intense, expectant feeling about the car and the coming 500-mile race, in which Clark likely would be the favorite. It was a happy affair with much laughter, and when someone brought up the risks of racing Jim Clark scoffed. "When you are racing there isn't time to worry about the dangers," he said.

### SMASHING SUCCESS

The drama could have been a Japanese adaptation of a western movie. The scene: a card game. Two Oriental card-players, poker-faced, are seated at a table.

"You cheat!" shouts one man, pulling a knife. "Hai," screams the other, leaping to his feet. He strikes the wooden card table with a blow of his hand, neatly cleaving it in two.

The 3,000 spectators cheered lustily. The performance and others like it were part of the Karase Grand Championship of North America held in New York. It was a cheerful combination of Oriental decorum and American baseball manners.

"I welcome you," said Korean Jhoon Rhee, over the loudspeaker, "to the joyful anxiety of the peaceful use of our karate tournament." And what sports fan does not like joyful anxiety?

Before long a cry was heard that meant karate had truly arrived in New York.

*continued*

These clubs will make you  
hit the ball further.  
Whether you like it or not.

The reason is simple. Spalding's new Executive clubs are made with special aluminum shafts. They feel like steel but they're lighter. So they give you more speed with the same swing power.

And their lightness allowed us to do a radical thing. We took some of the weight we saved from the shaft and put it in the club head, in a new way. The extra club head weight guarantees you more power on impact.

Whether you like it or not, you've got to hit the ball further. You'll like it.



Spalding Executive clubs  
with aluminum shafts.

# The American Way



## **The first Stewardess College.**

This may be the hardest college to enter in the U.S. Only one applicant in forty is accepted. The training is the longest in the airline industry because it's training in service, not just a beauty course.

Competition is at the heart of it. Airlines have to work hard to win customers. So flying gets easier and better every year. Here are some things American has done to stay out front.



## **The first Youth Fare, Family Fare & Military Fare.**

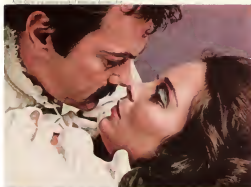
American was the first to apply for these reduced fares, which quickly became standard for the industry. Now every airline can con-



## **The first continuous in-flight maintenance check.**

This is an amazing gadget in the plane that keeps constant track of engine wear. And of almost every other kind of wear. It lets us see a repair job coming long before it's needed. Not on all our planes yet, but we're working on it.





**The first airline to seat everyone within 5 rows of the movie.**

Astro-Color is one of those great simple ideas. We put 14 screens around the plane so everyone has a good seat for the show.



use you with discounts for wives traveling with husbands, children 12 to 21 on standby, families of three, four and five people, service-

men on standby, and combinations of the above except on certain days. If you're really confused, call American. We started it all.

**The first airline to check baggage at the curb.**

No lugging luggage  
No standing in line  
No weighing in.  
You just leave it  
with us and  
go straight  
to the plane.



**The first computerized reservation system.**

We started with automatic reservations units in 1946. Today, we own the world's largest business computer—"Sabre".

It can check on seat availability in a split second; in another, it can reserve the seat for you. It also remembers your name and phone number, special food requests, rent-a-car orders, dozens of other facts.



**The first fan-jet airline.**

We introduced the fan-jet to get our planes off the ground 30% faster than ordinary jets. Now other airlines have fan-jets on a number of their planes, too. Makes us pretty proud. Of course, we've gone the distance. All our jets are fan-jets.



*Fly the American Way*  
**American Airlines**

For the man who wouldn't settle for a second-best anything.

Compared with other wagons, Chrysler's Town & Country isn't a wagon at all.

It's sort of the penthouse of luxury cars. With feature after standard feature you'd expect to be optional. 383 cubic inch V-8 with automatic transmission.

Power brakes and power steering.

All-vinyl interiors. Complete carpeting.

Getting the picture? Town & Country is a world apart from the plain-vanilla wagons.

And its options let you pile luxury on luxury. Add a 7-position steering wheel. Power windows. Power door locks. Six-way power seat.

And three options nobody else has.

A 3-in-1 divided seat with passenger-side headrest and recliner. Dual air conditioners.

And a tail gate window that washes itself.

So if you're looking for just an ordinary wagon, look somewhere else.

But if you really want your wagon to be as much limousine as loadspace, you've only got one choice. Chrysler's Town & Country. Make your move.

**MOVE UP TO CHRYSLER**



**CHRYSLER**



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"Kill the bum!" a spectator shouted, obviously warming up for opening day at Shea Stadium.

Soon young fans were begging for autographs, and by week's end they had learned proper karate etiquette, presenting a shattered piece of card table to be signed instead of a scrap of paper.

#### METALS

A Communist international sports festival to be held in July in Sofia, Bulgaria has announced those taking part will receive, as souvenirs, pieces of U.S. planes shot down in North Vietnam.

#### BUYING IT

The public, for reasons not immediately discernible, is fascinated by that new sports phenomenon, the computerized championship. Last weekend an estimated 25 million people listened as Citation beat Man o' War by a neck in the Race of the Century. Last fall the all-time heavyweight boxing championship tournament, which went on for 15 weeks, was carried on 382 radio stations, drew 16,500,000 listeners per fight and brought in \$3.5 million in advertising.

Now Murry Woroner, the Miami radio producer who thought up the heavyweight extravaganza, is in the process of punching out a middleweight-title tournament. The Ford Motor Company has purchased the rights for \$500,000, and 500 stations in the U.S. and 70 to 80 in foreign countries will broadcast the series beginning in September. In 1969 Woroner plans the alltime college-football championship, in 1970 the all-time pro-football championship and after that the alltime Super Bowl. It sounds like an alltime joke on somebody.

#### PUT UP?

The declaration of "all-out war" against the established NBA by some clubs of the American Basketball Association is a farce. In recent weeks Houston and Louisville have come up with a lot of hot words but very little cold cash in their battle for college basketball stars. The day after Elvin Hayes, the player of the year, signed a \$440,000 contract with San Diego in the NBA, the ABA Houston team loudly—and quite safely—declared, "We will pay Hayes \$750,000 now, tomorrow or next week." The offer was a bit late. Three weeks before Houston had picked Hayes in a secret ABA draft but the team never moved

*continued*

## Whatever Shapely Shirt you're in,



## you're "in."

All hail the winner! He's got the cup . . . the girl . . . and the season's champion **Permanent Press** buttondowns. Choose your windowpane plaid or new plaid from the variety found in the "winner's circle." University Club tailoring for that T-man silhouette. And in the ruggedest, swingiest color combos around! Many models also available with the new Spot Release Finish.\* At \$5-6, find these winners at all "in" stores. Mack Shirt Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Shapely Shirts**  
UNIVERSITY CLUB TAPERED TO A T

# Arnold Palmer golf balls 3 for \$1.95 at your Lincoln-Mercury dealers.



Not just any golf balls—these are the same quality Arnie uses on tour.

Why the savings? Because Spring's here. We thought you could use them. And because when you pick them up, you might spot an even bigger saving on a nice new Mercury.

If not, just take your golf balls and go.

No obligation at all. Honest.

(Limited time only, at participating Mercury dealers.)



MERCURY



## SCORECARD continued

to make personal contact with him. "We did not think he would sign with the NBA until he had at least talked to us," Houston President T. C. Morrow said. It was a lame explanation.

Then last week, also belatedly, the Kentucky Colonels trumpeted a \$500,000 offer to Louisville's All-America Westley Unseld. This was only done after Unseld had made a verbal agreement for \$400,000 with the NBA's Baltimore franchise. When it was known that Unseld was NBA-bound, the Colonels took \$62,000 worth of full-page advertisements in the Louisville newspapers, urging "all basketball fans in Kentucky to tell Westley that they want him to play in Kentucky." The ads purported to tell "the facts" about their negotiations with Unseld and their \$500,000 offer. But Unseld's lawyer, Arthur Grafton, said the highest offer the Colonels made prior to being told Unseld was headed east was \$210,000.

ABA clubs are making claims—which could be true—that the NBA has a \$1 million slush fund composed of contributions from all club owners to assure the league of getting the top five college players. Be that as it may, it appears the ABA "war" for the best players is a propaganda one, not a real one.

Interestingly enough, most ABA clubs are following a wiser policy for establishing a new league. "I'm going to offer substantial contracts, not crazy figures," says Pittsburgh President Gabe Rubin. The general manager of the Indiana Pacers, Mike Storen, agrees: "I think all the ABA has to do is sign its share of good players." Dick Eicher of the Denver Rockets declares, "We are not going to pay unreasonable money." This, rather than poverty-provoking wars, will build sound teams and sound franchises. Only then, after the league is secure, is the real talent battle likely to start—just as it did between the AFL and NFL.

## THEY SAID IT

- Charlie Bradshaw, Detroit Lions tackle, after joining 29 teammates in the filming of *Paper Lion*: "Some of the boys worked harder playing lions than they did as Lion players."
- Ernie Banks, Chicago Cub first baseman and a partner in the first Negro dealership ever granted by the Ford Motor Company: "The motors in the cars I sell run as quietly as a mother-in-law with lockjaw."

END

# How do you measure up against experienced investors?



**"I'm a stockbroker.  
Take this New York  
Stock Exchange  
test and compare  
your answers  
with mine."**

**QUIZ A.** In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but not in the order given below. How do you think they were ranked? Good when the cost of living rises; long-term gain; quick profit; dividends.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_

**ANSWER.** People who owned common stock cited the reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

Among non-shareowners, the order was reversed with "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen that over the years, the value of many stocks and many dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

**QUIZ B.** In order to invest, you should have a steady annual income of at least:

- ☐ \$10,000    ☐ \$20,000  
☐ \$30,000    ☐ none of these

**ANSWER.** The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is influenced by your standard of living, provision for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stock have incomes of less than \$10,000.

**QUIZ C.** The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the stocks of any American corporation.

True ☐ False ☐



## Take this Quickie Quiz

**ANSWER.** False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

Ask a registered representative to explain the advantages of listed stocks, and then decide whether they fit into your picture.

**QUIZ D.** Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

- |                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1. high-grade bonds     | <input type="checkbox"/> long-term growth |
| 2. listed common stocks | <input type="checkbox"/> fixed dividends  |
| 3. preferred stocks     | <input type="checkbox"/> relative safety  |

**ANSWER.** High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

**QUIZ E.** The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

- ☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;  
☐ they are full-time brokers;  
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience.

**ANSWER.** All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.

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Carbohydrate	52.4%	34.4 gm.
Fat	2.3%	5.3 gm.
Calories	108	295
Vitamin A	28% MDR	25% MDR
Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>	28% MDR	27% MDR
Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>	20% MDR	20% MDR
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	11% MDR	48% MDR
Vitamin C	** 1.25 mg.	**
Vitamin D	** 1.17 mcg.	**
Iron	2% MDR	2% MDR
Copper	** 1.18 mg.	**
Calcium	15% MDR	15% MDR
Phosphorus	28% MDR	49% MDR

\* 25% of the Recommended Daily Adult Intake of Protein  
† 10 grams, as modified by the National Research Council  
\*\* Values not RDA, as Recommended Dietary Allowance (1965 Edition)  
\*\*\* Minimum Daily Requirement (Established)  
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meal, carbohydrates are immediately converted into energy. And the slow-burning protein keeps the energy fires stoked and working for you—all morning long. Get the "energy edge" you need to break a few records of your own. Carnation Instant Breakfast. In lots of winning flavors.



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**Research documents Carnation Instant Breakfast "energy edge"**



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**MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE**

# PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

*In the Western pro playoffs basketball may be all finesse and ballst, but in the East it is muscleball especially when the fearsome giants of Philadelphia and New York (right) and Boston get together*

by FRANK DEFORD

In California, whenever teams representing Los Angeles and San Francisco play each other in anything, there is a real civic rivalry—and the reason is that the citizens care. This is rarely true in the East or the Midwest, except when governors or mayors force the issue by making those fraudulent newspaper bets—a basket of our beautiful state-grown acorn squash against a hucket of your beautiful state-produced ball bearings. Boston and New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—they have all sprawled there so long, sisters together in megalopolis, that intercity rivalry is seldom evinced when mere nicknames clash. In the East now they are playing 76ers-Celtics. But in California it is San Francisco-Los Angeles.

In basketball the competition in the East is even narrower than team vs. team. For years everything else has been peripheral to the personal duel between Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain. It is a long-running act, second in endurance in the sport only to the Harlem Globetrotters, but it is still box-office, and it is still the very best. It began again last week, Wilt vs. Russell, best of seven for what may, quite possibly, be the last time. There are young eager teams in the East—the New York Knicks, principally—and the chance that both the Celtics and the 76ers will reach the divisional finals diminishes more sharply each year. Besides, in a league that is better balanced, the intramural Eastern struggle can no longer be accepted as tantamount to deciding the championship of the NBA.

Russell—or at least his Celtics—won the first game of the Eastern finals; Wilt, in consolation, drove off in his \$12,000 Maserati, carrying beside him in the front seat like a good companion the regular season's Most Valuable Player trophy. It was fairly won, but Wilt, as much as anyone, knew that not only were the great Russell-Chamberlain duels almost at an end but that the trophy itself was merely in safekeeping for another. Nate Thurmond of San Francisco had been on his way to winning that cup before his kneecap snapped to pieces in a game in January.

At about the time Wilt was driving away from the surprise defeat, Thurmond, still limping, lifted himself into the radio announcers' seats to help broadcast the Western finals between his Warriors and Jack Kent Cooke's Lakers at Cooke's Fabulous Forum. It is always billed as the Fabulous Forum, in the manner of a tawdry burlesque shill pushing all the "fabulous girls, direct from Paris, France." Thurmond was serving as a rookie—but very capable—color announcer. Conveniently, he comes with his own sponsor, too, the Nate Thurmond Basketball Shoe. It is a bit jarring, of course, to hear the announcer speak of "perfect comfort while wearing the Nate Thurmond shoe" while the principal sits there recovering from a wrecked knee received while wearing the Nate Thurmond shoe.

But then, of course, it was also confusing that Thurmond's team was still around for him to broadcast about. Without Thurmond or Rick Barry, last

year's co-hero, the Warriors won their way to the Fabulous Forum by upsetting the Western Division champion St. Louis Hawks 4-2 after losing to them seven of eight times during the season.

However violent and extended they may be, the NBA playoffs have been traditionally all but redundant, rather like the electoral college. This year, however, the Hawks nearly were joined in first-round defeat by the other divisional champions, the 76ers. New York's muscular young Knicks, scratching, grabbing, pushing and generally carrying on like raccoons in a henhouse, almost produced the first TKO in basketball history before losing in six games. On both sides the quality of merey was not only strained but fractured. Cazzle Russell suffered a knockout, Bill Bradley a black eye. Luke Jackson of the 76ers, a stolid abutment of a man who once played a whole season on a broken leg (he assumed it was shin splints), had a painful hamstring pull and after the last game the dark blood was frighteningly visible, hemorrhaging at the back of his thigh. Wally Jones lost much of his effectiveness because of a knee cartilage injury. Walt Frazier, the excellent Knick rookie, and Billy Cunningham, the 76ers' quick sixth man, both went out for the season. Wally with a snapped tendon and Billy with a fractured wrist. Chamberlain himself came into the fray off a bad last game in Baltimore, where he painfully injured a big toe, and where he lost \$1,000 on the way back on the bus in one of the more spectacular blackjack games in league annals.

continued

*Always at their best against rival big men, Barry and Chamberlain symbolize the East's power: matching reach and strength for a rebound.*







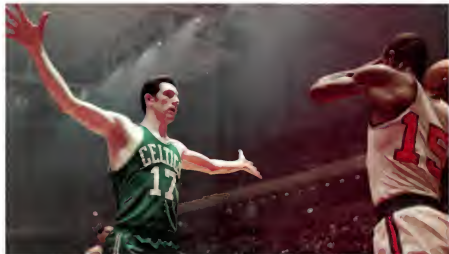
**PUSH** continued

If either occurrence seriously disturbed the big fellow, it was not immediately obvious. He throttled New York singlehandedly in the opener, and remained a powerful force in all phases of the game throughout the series. Neither was he any less impressive in spirit, showing up for the sixth game in an ensemble of electric blue and neon blue that all but prompted one observer to remind him that the sheep were in the meadow and the cows in the corn. As virtually all basketball players do now, Chamberlain featured a turtleneck. This has led to some recent locker-room talk that verges on the effete and very nearly erases all memories of locker rooms with tobacco chaws and pleated pants. For instance, Wilt to Matt Guokas: "Will you zip me up in back, please?" Or Jerry West, polite but persnickety, to a locker-room attendant: "Yes, would you please? Just roll it over one time in back." Crushed at last, apparently, is the hallowed cliché that great athletes must put on their pants one leg at a time. Now it seems they cannot even put on shirts by themselves.

Despite their convincing demolition of New York in the last two games of the opening series, the 76ers will miss Cunningham desperately against Boston. Cunningham had the ability to come off the bench in high gear to replace Jackson or Chet Walker, and now the thin 76er bench is even thinner, with only veteran Johnny Green to fill in at forward. Picked up from San Diego late in the season, Green was spectacular in leading Philly to the fifth-game victory over the Knicks, but he is 34, has always been inconsistent and, however high he jumps, you can never be sure which way he will come down. In the opener against Boston on Friday at the Spectrum, which has its roof on again, Green made only six points and could not light up the team as he had against New York. Without Cunningham to contend with up front, Boston's John Havlicek took charge. Russell started Havlicek at guard—as he had after Detroit had moved to a 2-1 lead in the first round—and Havlicek not only responded with 35 points but steered the offense and forced Hal Greer into some bad shooting.

continued

*Making a Golden Gate Bridge of their own, San Franciscans harass St. Louis' Bridges.*



*West felt Greer seemed to face all night in Philadelphia was the flapping wingman of John Havlicek, which severely limited his scoring.*



*Two high-flying Lakers: Jerry West (left) attempts to block a Warrior shot, and Elgin Baylor gets one off in close quarters.*



Boston shot 58% for the game, and the Celtic defense, overplaying Greer and Walker when they did not have the ball, proved even more effective with Cunningham's firepower gone. Wally Jones will have to come back to life to help take up the slack, but the edge has already passed to the Celtics. "We came into this with the attitude of proving that Boston isn't dead," Havlicek said. The fact is that Boston did not lose to Philadelphia this year except when missing other Larry Siegfried or Sam Jones through injuries.

An unponderable factor, however, is the ultimate effect of the murder of Martin Luther King. Russell and Chamberlain conferred at length on Friday afternoon about the possibility of trying to call the game off. Neither really wanted to play. To Russell, Dr. King had been a "personal friend." Chamberlain then conducted a vote on his own team, but only he and Jones asked for a postponement. The second games, both East and West, were scheduled for Sunday, but were put off until Wednesday. The rest should help Philadelphia most, for the 76ers were still recovering from the rugged New York series.

Cochs Red Holzman had turned the Knicks into late-season winners with adroit and constant substitution—26 times to produce 17 different combinations in one game, for instance—and the regular application of a full-court zone press, which is considered legal in the NBA even if the half-court zone is not. Walt Bellamy played a hard and courageous series against Wilt. He even outscored him 14-0 in one memorable quarter, and made the contest on the boards—against Chamberlain, Jackson and Walker—as rough as the battle over the rest of the court. After a while George Kiseida of *The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* stopped using regular lineups and started printing the names of the players with their weights, in the fashion of boxing summaries.

"New York is doing what San Francisco does, and what they both learned from Boston," Alex Hannum said, announcing that he, too, was ready to escalate. "It is a matter of taking the initiative. You start out touching your opponent and establish in the minds of the officials that a certain amount of con-

tact is natural. Then you begin to grab and hold, and finally you start pushing. Then the other team starts the same thing and pretty soon it all deteriorates into what I call a rat game."

It is also called muscleball. In the West, however, the game is called finesse. Without the massive man in the middle, the Lakers and Warriors are employing a style that differs vastly from the classic Eastern thump-thump. They both spread wide, move the center outside and try to work for drives down the middle or long shots off high picks. Both teams like to run, both possess depth and shooters. It probably will come down to a question of whether San Francisco's larger forwards—Rudy LaRusso and Fred Hetzel—or L.A.'s smaller, quicker ones—Elgin Baylor and Tommy Hawkins—are the more efficient combination. The Lakers, who finished the season 30-3 with Baylor nearly at his oldtime best and with a healthy Jerry West now available, are obviously the logical choice.

The Lakers won the opener 133-105, blowing it open early and coasting past a desultory San Francisco performance. The Warriors probably were suffering a reaction after their victory over St. Louis, which was the result of fine team play and outstanding coaching on the part of Bill Sharman. Somehow, Sharman managed to get his skinny men to clog up the middle and keep the powerful Hawks at bay. The Warriors cut off Joe Caldwell's breakaway play, and the guards—particularly Al Attles—steered Lenne Wilkens, the playmaker, off his favorite courses. On offense the Warriors went to their hot hand, which was most often Jeff Mullins. Shooting 53%, he averaged 27 points a game. He started with 29 against L.A.

In the opener in Los Angeles the smaller Lakers not only decisively outrebounced the Warriors but kept the visitors from getting the ball inside. "We may have been too obvious in our strategy," Mullins said. LaRusso, who for eight years played the other forward on the Lakers opposite Baylor, could not hit against his old teammate. That produced friendly needling from his former fans, who are not quite prepared to fully acknowledge that he plays against them. LaRusso confuses the civic rivalry issue, since he agreed to sign

with San Francisco only if he could continue to live in Los Angeles.

When the series moves to San Francisco, the Lakers will be forced to endure a new diversion that Warrior Owner Franklin Muehl instituted during the playoffs with the Hawks. He clings a cable-car bell—his bell hand is now raw from the task—while the spectators ring little love bells that are distributed to them. The Hawks, who were not well supported in St. Louis this year, may have been unsettled by the huge, ring-a-ding crowds in San Francisco. But the Lakers are not likely to be such easy prey. They have had a full season of working under Burch van Breda Kolff, and have comfortably assimilated two strong midseason additions, Fred Crawford and Erwin Mueller.

On a team with a long heritage of nicknames, all of the newcomers were quickly dubbed. Van Breda Kolff is "Choppers," Crawford is "Mole" and Mueller is "Mules," an appellation Van Breda Kolff bestowed on him by process of elimination. "I can't possibly call you Erwin," he said, "and I can't call you Dum-Dum, because if I did every guy on this team would turn around."

"This whole team gets along better together than any I've ever played on," Jerry West says. "That's part of the reason I was so discouraged when I was hurt again a few weeks ago. We're a more aggressive team. I play against better defense in practice than in a lot of games. And this is absolutely the best-shooting team I have ever seen. I mean shooting. Not drop it in or beat it to death on the backboard."

There has been a great deal of talk all year about how Van Breda Kolff has managed to spread the scoring load around. But in the Lakers' first playoff series, which they won in five games against Chicago, Baylor and West made 293 of 510 Laker points. Both players appear as contented and assured as they have ever been, and when the Eastern teams get through hacking each other to death, the survivor may not be prepared for finesseball. In a season when playoffs are no more predictable than presidential politics, the little Lakers look capable of bringing the first NBA title to California, a year before Nate Thurmond does it.

END

The target fixed, their knees fixed, Russell and Chamberlain prepare to ring themselves up after a ball as lesser men stand by.

# THE END WAS A RINGING SEVEN

*With \$25,000 waiting for him in bowling's richest tournament, Dave Davis came down to the 10th frame of the last game against Koko Johnson and all that was left was the seven-pin. He never saw it fall* **by KIM CHAPIN**

**D**o you still hear all that stuff about how bowlers aren't really athletes at all, just a bunch of overweight guys who roll a few games between beers to get away from the old lady? Forget it. That may be true of the fellows down at the Friday Night Bartenders' League, where a good count in the 10th will get you a 150 game, but don't try to convince anybody in the Professional Bowlers Association, and especially not Dave Davis.

To be sure, Davis doesn't look like much of an athlete. At 6' 2" and 140 pounds the ballooned up to 160 two years ago, then decided all that extra weight made him too sluggish and dieted it away again; he resembles a pale, blue-veined one-man, but he can talk about a bowling lane with all the intensity of a Nicklaus discussing the breaks on the 18th green at Augusta. To Davis, any two of those thin, 55-foot strips of laminated wood stretching from the foul line to the head pin are as different as the Pyrenees and the Bonneville Salt Flats. "These lanes aren't even all the way across," he said at Akron last week. "The differences are only a few thousandths of an inch. You can't see them, but it takes just one or two balls to tell."

Most important, though, when he put down 47 of the country's best bowlers last week in the \$100,000 Tournament of Champions, the richest event on the year-long PBA circuit, he had the bankroll of a class athlete. He earned his \$25,000 first prize by defeating Don Johnson in the tournament final 213-205 on the very last ball of the very last frame of the very last game, the 1,736th of the week. With Johnson in at 205, Davis went to the line for his 10th frame knowing he needed a spare plus three



*Lean and graceful, Davis tries some body English in his final match with Johnson*

pins to win. His first ball left what bowlers refer to with a certain sarcasm as a "ringing seven." He went up again, and with a long, graceful sweep of his left arm sent the ball trundling down the alley. Then he fell to his knees, clasped his calloused and blistered hands above his head and closed his eyes. He never saw the seven-pin fall, but when it did Johnson's only hope was for Davis to throw a gutter ball. Not a chance. Up to that final game only one embarrassed bowler had done that, and Davis wasn't about to be the second. He struck solidly, and promptly on cue—right there in front of a nationwide television audience that saw it all in living color—the Phoenix one-iron collapsed, crying and shaking uncontrollably. It was hardly the way for the 1967 Bowler of the Year to act, but Davis said, "When I went for the spare I hit my ankle with the ball. I didn't think it was going to make it. I just closed my eyes and didn't look until I heard it hit. I've never been so nervous on one ball in my life."

For Johnson—at 27 two years older than Davis—this was his second straight final-round Tournament of Champions defeat. He is \$12,500 poorer, the difference between first and second money, but then it was something of a minor miracle that he got to roll for the title in the first place. If Davis was tight, Johnson was just about the loosest guy in the whole state of Ohio, so loose, in fact, that he very nearly didn't qualify for the final five positions.

Johnson is from Kokomo, Ind., and naturally has acquired the nickname the "Kokomo Kid" (his intimates call him Koko). He also is chairman of the PBA Image Committee. That's right, the Image Committee. It does exactly what you'd expect it to do—look after the image of the PBA. Sam Basa, a tour bowler and a close friend of Koko's, explained "About three years ago the young guys on the tour were, well, a little wild. About half a dozen of us. We dressed sloppy—white Levi's, things like that—and let our hair grow. You know. Well, Koko was the worst. He had this Beale haircut that came down to his eyebrows. The guys told him to get it cut. He didn't. So what happens? Next thing you know he's chairman of the Image Committee. Now he's got to get a hair-

cut. He became unbearable, going around telling us to get our shoes shined, wear ties and stuff."

Johnson even bought a suit. A suit with a double-breasted vest, right off the rack. "In Kokomo," Koko said.

In last week's first 24 games of qualifying, scored strictly on pinfall, the original field of 48 was halved. Johnson was in third place. But then came the second 24-game series, this time a round robin that awarded an additional 50-point bonus for each match won. On Thursday night, after the first block of eight games, Johnson was a rousing 13th. "I was so mad at myself," Johnson said, "I went out and had a few beers and didn't get to bed until 5 a.m."

Although he fought Excedrin headache No. 46 all day Friday, Johnson slowly worked his way up. In one stretch he won 11 of 13 matches and earned 550 bonus points. After the eight-game afternoon block he was in eighth place. In the evening block, after two aspirins and a steak, he went after the three bowlers in front of him and finally caught the last survivor, Jim Godman, in the seventh round. That made him eligible for the final rounds, involving the five top bowlers.

Meanwhile the rest of the final positions were being filled. Davis had the first qualifying spot. Jim Stefani, the defending champion, was second, Bill Tucker third and 38-year-old Dick Weber, who long ago took his place among the alltime bowling greats, was fourth.

In the finals—a neat 90-minute package designed for TV, which is the main reason the PBA prize money this year will be \$1.7 million—Johnson (No. 5) opened against Weber (No. 4), the winner to meet Tucker (No. 3) and so on.

Rarely has a bowler gone from fifth to first under the current format. Johnson very nearly did it. He needed a strike and a good count in the 10th frame to defeat Weber, which he got. Tucker needed a double (two strikes) in the 10th to defeat Johnson, which he didn't get. Then Jim Stefani was up, the same Jim Stefani who had defeated Johnson last year and who, Johnson

believes, "could be the greatest of them all before he quits." Ironically, it was the only easy game Johnson had. By the time Stefani came out the hot television lights had dried out the lanes just enough so the ball hooked more than it had during an earlier practice session. Stefani didn't adjust and had three splits, none of which he could convert, and lost 201-145.

Out of the wings came Davis, dressed immaculately in a dark-green shirt and green-plaid slacks. Koko didn't bat an eye. He strung three strikes in the fifth, sixth and seventh frames and appeared to have everything wrapped up. But in his eighth frame he broke the string—on his first ball he left that same ringing seven that Davis later needed. In the ninth he left himself a 4-6-10 split (Excedrin headache No. 47) and did not convert. Davis didn't blow the chance Johnson had given him.

A half hour later Davis was still trying to calm down. "I don't know what it is. I've never been like this in my life. I guess it's because I've never bowled for that kind of money before. Maybe the next time it'll be easier."

Maybe, but not likely. Bowling just isn't like that anymore.

END



Koko was fine as head of the Image group, but efforts like this one failed at the finish.

When Joyce Dodson asked the U.S. Olympic Committee if she could be its Texas fund raiser, the USOC said sure, though it really did not expect startling results—and certainly not what it got **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

## JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL

As if the 1968 Olympic Games were not in enough trouble, a Texas grand jury has returned a series of indictments that could have a jarring effect on the financial health of the U.S. team and on the confidence of those who contribute to it. The indictments charge a petite 27-year-old Dallas woman, Joyce Ann Dodson, with embezzling \$72,000 and various properties that were donated to the U.S. Olympic Committee. Henry Wade, the Dallas County district attorney who received international attention for his investigation of Lee Harvey Oswald and his role as prosecuting attorney at the Jack Ruby trial, suspects the total of vanished Olympic

moneys may be far more than that. "We have no way of knowing as yet how much money might have been collected in the Southwest," Wade says. "I shudder to think what the sum could be."

Oddly, there might not have been an investigation of the missing Olympic funds except for the naivete of a young lawyer. Last winter Wade's office got an anonymous phone call with the tip that a large part of the moneys contributed to the Olympic fund had been diverted into someone's pocket. "We don't have much use for anonymous phone calls," says Wade, a big white-haired fellow who chews tobacco and spits into the wastebasket. If the call had gone

to an experienced man on my staff, we might have ignored it. The caller wouldn't give his name, and we had no complainant. So it figured to be a crank. But the phone call was answered by a new assistant district attorney who didn't know any better. He immediately wrote to the U.S. Olympic Committee in New York and discovered that there really was a lot of money unaccounted for."

The fund-raising arrangement between the Olympic Committee and Joyce Dodson began sometime in 1966 when the woman and a male associate, Joe William Tate, went to New York with the proposition that their public-relations firm, then called Law-Mears Associates,



**BUFFAL** Arthur Lentz convinced, "She lived up to her boast. She could raise money."



**TRUSTING** Lyman Brigham sent Joyce Dodson a "To whom it may concern" letter.



**INQUISITIVE** Henry Wade said, "We have no way of knowing how much was collected."





PRETTY JOYCE DODSON HELPED COLLECT \$77,000. SENT USOC CHECK FOR \$5,000

help raise Olympic money in the Southwest. Ordinarily the USOC depends for its funds on volunteer drives by groups like the AAU, NCAA and NAIA. But the Southwest had been notably poor territory for Olympic soliciting, and the USOC had once before used a Dallas public-relations firm, Orville McDonald and Associates, to appeal for money.

The Olympics officials, including Executive Director Arthur G. Lentz, were led to believe that Joe William Tate and Joyce Dodson had the support of Lamar Hunt, wealthy Dallas sportsman who was originator of the American Football League, is owner of the Kansas City Chiefs football club and the Dallas Tornado football (soccer) club, part-owner of the Chicago Bulls of the NBA and a tucker of a professional tennis tour, among other things.

In fact, Tate had once worked for the Newton Agency, a Dallas advertising firm that had acted as a house agency for the Hunt Oil Company. "I can't say I have never met Joyce Dodson or Joe Tate, because I might have encountered them at a party or someplace," Lamar Hunt says. "But I wouldn't know either of them if they walked into the room. I'm ashamed to say there has been quite a bit of talking for granted in this affair. When Dodson and Tate came to

me, I assumed that if they represented the Olympic Committee, they must be all right."

The use of Hunt's name was magic. So on Oct. 4, 1966 Douglas F. Roby, president of the USOC, wrote a letter granting Law-Mears Associates, of which Joyce Dodson was chairman of the board, the right to collect Olympic funds in Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and New Mexico. "We are especially pleased to know that your organization, in the true spirit of the Olympic Movement, has agreed to render this service without compensation to you," wrote Roby. "It is understood, however that approved out-of-pocket expenses, other than payment of salaries, will be allowed." That sentence, discounting the word "approved," apparently gave Miss Dodson the peg upon which she subsequently operated. On Oct. 10, 1966 J. Lyman Bingham, director of fund raising for the USOC, followed with a "To whom it may concern" letter authorizing Law-Mears Associates to represent the Olympic Committee.

Had the USOC not taken Joyce Dodson at face value and had thoroughly investigated, it might have found that she had been in several financial jams in Dallas. According to Wade, a Dallas businessman had rescued her from \$2,000 worth of bad debts. She has a record

of what Wade calls "excessive" traffic violations. She is a short, well-built, seductive brunette with rather prominent teeth. Chief Assistant District Attorney Bill Alexander, who was also one of the prosecuting lawyers at the Ruby trial, described her as "a country-looking girl who seems to have a way with men."

Joe Tate was known around town as a promoter. One of his promotions involved the promise of a chartered DC-7 to fly Dallas Cowboys fans to a football game in New Orleans. After the fans had waited for hours at the airport, Tate produced an old DC-3 and had to leave a number of people behind.

After the meeting in New York, a USOC representative opened an account at the National Bank of Commerce in Dallas in the name of the Olympic Committee. Only the Olympic Committee treasurer could make withdrawals from that account. However, without the knowledge of the Olympic Committee, Miss Dodson also opened an account at the Southwest Bank and Trust Company in Irving, a Dallas suburb where Clint Murchison Jr. is planning a new stadium to house his Cowboys.

Miss Dodson and Tate began organizing committees throughout their five-state area. They gave Lamar Hunt the title of chairman of the Southwest Olympic Sports Committee and sent out solicitation letters over his signature. Another wealthy Dallas resident, Troy Post, who recently sold his GreatAmerica holding company (which has Braniff Airways among its assets) for \$500,000,000 was appointed to head a different committee. Hunt's committee raised \$25,570 and Post's came up with \$11,248. Some of their donors sent money from as far away as Chicago.

"Hunt and Post were the heads of only two of 85 committees that were set up," says Alexander. "Between them and contributions from civic groups and collections at high school and college sports events, Dodson and Tate raised \$77,000. Right now we don't know how much came in from the other committees."

In talks with the USOC, Miss Dodson reported collections were mounting merrily. When the USOC asked for the money, Miss Dodson stalled them. Finally in May of last year she sent the USOC an authorized check for \$5,104.74

Continued

from the National Bank of Commerce, leaving \$10 in the account. Some months later Law-Mears Associates became Dodson & Company, Inc. with Joyce Dodson as president.

But Dodson & Company had encountered a few intemperate problems. The firm was renting an office in the Southland Center, a prominent Dallas business address. Joyce Dodson was living in a fashionable apartment at 21 Turtle Creek Square and driving a Lincoln Continental. On the surface all was fine. But on November 11 Joe Tate got married, and not to Joyce Dodson. On November 17 Joyce Dodson filed a suit against Tate in Dallas County Domestic Relations Court, alleging she and Tate had been married on or about March 25, 1967. She said the marriage was common-law and had begun in Longview, Texas, and that she was pregnant by Tate and wanted child support when the baby arrived.

Late in November the attorney general of Texas (along with the attorneys general of New York and Illinois) began to get anonymous calls saying Miss Dodson was misusing Olympic funds. The Texas attorney general's office began looking into the matter.

On Dec. 26, 1967 Joyce Dodson suddenly sent the USOC a meticulously detailed 42-page list of contributions that totaled \$77,811.13. Why she did so is not

clear, because the list of contributions was not accompanied by any more money. On January 8 of this year Z. T. Fortescue III, an assistant attorney general of Texas, wrote the Olympic Committee a letter saying, "The Dodson Company in their handling of your account has been most exemplary. We certainly regret the fact we had to impose upon Mrs. [sic] Dodson." Six weeks later Fortescue wrote another letter reversing himself. The attorney general's office now explains that the first investigation was confined to a surplus property transaction and that the investigator was satisfied it had been done legally.

Later in January, shortly before the Olympic officials left for the Winter Games in Grenoble, France, Miss Dodson and her attorney flew to New York. Miss Dodson told Arthur Lentz of the USOC that a former employee had made off with her records and that she was starting action against him. Lentz told her that he was not interested in her missing employee and that she was going to have to account for the money. "I want a full explanation," he said. By coincidence, that same day a *Dallas Morning News* columnist, Sam Blair, who had also received an anonymous phone call about the missing funds, walked into the Olympic office and saw Joyce Dodson. Blair recognized her and in his col-

umn began pushing for an investigation.

After the USOC officials reached Grenoble, they received a call from Miss Dodson. Lentz says she was hysterical and said nothing to explain what had happened to the \$72,000. Meanwhile, according to the Dallas district attorney's office, Miss Dodson was behaving strangely. She seemed to be trying to gather all the cash she could. She pawned a portable television set and other personal items. "She didn't have enough clothes in her apartment to outfit a clerk for a week's work," says Alexander. She was so far behind in her office rent at the Southland Center that she had to move out, and she was months behind at 21 Turtle Creek Square. Her Lincoln Continental was repossessed. The Dallas district attorney's office had received no official complaint from the USOC but decided to go ahead with the investigation. The FBI and the U.S. attorney's office entered the case.

Lamar Hunt heard about the missing money and assigned one of his own auditors to look over the Dodson & Company books, with USOC approval. The district attorney's investigators discovered the bank account in Irving and the fact that \$72,000 was gone from it. (The account was \$100 overdrawn.) Miss Dodson had withdrawn the \$72,000 in checks ranging mostly from \$500 to \$800. All the checks were signed by her. Most had notations such as "for Tulsa Olympic expenses," "for Corpus Christi pump-priming" and "for Houston office expenses." Miss Dodson insisted she had spent the money for necessary expenses. At first, according to Alexander, the USOC said no expenses had been authorized, but Lentz said 10% had been authorized in a verbal agreement.

Early last month Miss Dodson was amazingly still collecting for the Olympic fund. Of the six indictments against her involving surplus property, several supposedly occurred this year. In one instance she supposedly was given nine ice-making machines valued at \$1,800 on March 1 and sold them to the Texas Ice Machine Co. for \$350, with the check being made out to Law-Mears rather than to the USOC. Another case concerned Nardis of Dallas, a well-known dress-manufacturing firm, which donated 573 dresses valued at \$4,235.75 with the understanding they not be sold in Texas. Miss Dodson allegedly sold them

continued



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for \$700 to an unclaimed-freight house in Dallas and kept the money.

Joe Tate says he knows nothing of the missing funds. "Gosh," he says, "I have no idea about anything like that. I only contributed my time and effort to help the Olympic Committee as a public-spirited citizen. I wasn't even with the company at that time [when the list of contributions was sent to the USOC]. I would like to help, but I have no information at all."

Wade and his staff, though, are not content with the indictments against Miss Dodson. The investigation continues. "It's like an iceberg," says Alexander. "We know what we can see, but not what we can't. I can't truthfully say the New York Olympic office has been uncooperative in this, but their cooperation hasn't been all it should be."

"In my opinion," Hunt says, "this all comes back to the looseness of the Olympic Committee."

Lentz says the Olympic Committee

had never before been able to raise more than \$11,000 in Texas, the area. Miss Dodson was concentrating on and so never suspected that money was being diverted. Miss Dodson had talked about her money-raising ability, but they were skeptical about it, since she had sent in no expense reports and only the one check. They did not know of the bank account in Irving. "And," says Lentz, "none of the contributors ever raised a question about Miss Dodson, which is the way we usually hear about problems." He thinks this happened because Miss Dodson wrote each contributor a note of thanks and the contributor assumed the money had gone on to the Olympic Committee. "I'll grant this," Lentz says ruefully. "She lived up to her boast. She could raise money. She raised a heck of a lot more than we ever raised in Texas before."

Whoever knows where the \$72,000 went is not saying, and how much more might have gone with it is still a mys-

tery. Earle Cabell, a Dallas Congressman, says as much as \$1 million in Olympic funds may have gone into wrong pockets around the country.

In Dallas County jail, where she was being held in \$40,000 bail, Joyce Dodson maintained her innocence. "This just wasn't fair," she said in her small voice with its country twang. "I wasn't allowed to even go before the grand jury. If my attorneys had let me explain the situation before the grand jury, all of this wouldn't have happened. I haven't taken anybody's money. We expected to raise around \$2 million from the Southwest area. We would have met our goal, too, had all this not happened. It's weird. I'm really shocked. All this could have been avoided. My side of the story hasn't even been heard yet."

When she was asked to give her side of the story she said, "Well, I'll have to get all the news media together at the same time at some sort of news conference when I get out of here. . . ." **END**



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## YEAR OF INNOVATION IN A GRAND OLD GAME

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

The best thing we did during the winter was strengthen ourselves through the middle. . . . Now we have the best bench we ever had, and that's going to come in mighty handy, because we seem to get ourselves involved in an awful lot of those one-run games. . . . If I had to put my finger on the thing we need most I would say it is a left-handed relief pitcher. . . . This year we are not going to sit around and wait for the long ball as much as we have in the past. . . . He's got the position until he plays himself out of it. . . . The trades we made during the winter will help us to handle our own ball park better. . . . The one thing I know for sure is that for some of these players the honeymoon is over. . . . Listen, I've been in a lot of towns, but our fans are as good as any, and this season we are going to give them the type of club they will like.

For the past seven weeks the words—the familiar old words—have been pouring out of 20 major league managers readying their teams for another season, with all its attendant excitement, desolation, feuds, gallantry, nonsense, excellence and ritual. This week belatedly, in deference to the memory of Martin Luther King, baseball started again, and by the time the dust clears from six months and 1,620 games more than 25 million people will have gone to old ball parks and new ones to watch the game that still remains closer to the American ken than any other.

Kansas City is out, Oakland is in and Milwaukee somehow is suspended in limbo. Gusie Busch has wiped the egg off his face, put it back in his beer and welcomed Bing Devine back to Camelot in St. Louis. Maury Wills is going to wear track shoes while running the bases for a handsome new Pittsburgh manager named Larry Shepard, who sings like a bird and is expected to return harmony

to a team that lost it somewhere in 1967. The California Angels will continue to be the only expansion team to be a contender, and that old Cincinnati balloon has been blown up once again. Nobody seems to give the Red Sox a chance, except the Red Sox themselves. Walter O'Malley is talking so much about baseball in Japan that some feel he may be about to kiss Los Angeles *sayonara*. Nearly 35 coaches have shifted around since last October, and the New York Mets got themselves a fine young manager—Gil Hodges—by trading a fine young pitcher—Bill Denych—and money to the Washington Senators.

The favorites to win the National and American League pennants are the St. Louis Cardinals and the Detroit Tigers but, as Hank Bauer of the Baltimore Orioles says, "The men who make odds don't play baseball." Willie is back and so are Mackey and Yaz. Tony O. seems well again, and maybe some of Bauer's pitchers are, too. Everyone is suspicious of the Dodgers; they should also suspect the Cleveland Indians, who may have a team, finally, that will lure people from the barbecue pits of Shaker Heights. Roberto Clemente will be swinging for his fifth batting title. If he gets it he joins Honus Wagner, Rogers Hornsby and Stan Musial as the only National Leaguers ever to do so. Henry Aaron needs just 19 homers to reach 500, and sometime during the season 44-year-old Hoyt Wilhelm will come out of the White Sox bullpen to make his 900th appearance in a major league game.

People are wondering what gives with the Phillies. After deep investigation only one logical conclusion may be drawn: who knows? The Mets could move up in the standings, and there are strong rumors throughout baseball that the Yankees are for sale. (They probably will be sold secretly at 3 a.m. and by wire to AT&T.) Somehow baseball will be played again in Fenway Park, even though



Lou Brock stole all the bases there last fall.

Those lovable cubs, Eddie Stanky and Leo Durocher, will work in Chicago once more, and the White Sox will have drawn 300,000 fans in Milwaukee by the time they have played the last of their 10 dates there. Long before Bob Gibson of St. Louis threw his first pitch of the season this week a spectacular advance sale put more than \$1,700,000 in a bank not far from the Cardinals' ball park. A team as well paid as the Cards demands a good advance sale. Consider the salaries of their probable starting lineup:

Lou Brock (LF)	\$70,000
Curt Flood (CF)	\$72,500
Roger Maris (RF)	\$75,000
Orlando Cepeda (1B)	\$80,000
Tim McCarver (C)	\$60,000
Mike Shannon (3B)	\$40,000
Julian Javier (2B)	\$45,000
Dal Maxvill (SS)	\$37,500
Bob Gibson (P)	\$85,000
Total	\$565,000

Franchise watchers in 1968 will be looking carefully to see if an attendance battle is joined between the San Francisco Giants and the peripatetic A's, now residing in Oakland. The A's first interesting home stand is against the Twins and White Sox in early May, but it comes on the heels of a Giant stay at Candlestick that includes games with Los Angeles, Atlanta, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Charlie Finley may have to get off his donkey and do quite a bit of work to mine gold in the Bay Area. And how long will he and Joe DiMaggio form a battery?

Baseball is going to change after 1968. This season will probably be the last in which the pennant-winning club will have to beat out only nine others to earn a championship. The American League is expanding to 12 teams in 1969, and the National League is expected to make the same decision soon. Both leagues will then split into two divisions of six clubs each, and division winners will meet to decide which team represents its league in the World Series. Hopefully, baseball will be bright enough not to name its divided leagues Coastal, Capital, Century and Central. The 12-team setup most likely will cut down on the number of games to be played, because baseball really does not need 162 games to decide which is the best team.

During spring training an attempt was made to eliminate the dominance of the pitcher by enforcing a ban on the spitball. Any pitcher who put his hand to his mouth twice would first be warned and then disqualified. The

National and American Leagues characteristically approached the problem in different ways, the American choosing to disqualify players and the more sophisticated National deciding that, since the purpose of spring training was to train, nobody would be thrown out until the season began. Finally Commissioner William Eckert and the rules committee changed the rule to penalize the pitcher rather than disqualify him, and thus the season is ready to begin with nobody really knowing what is going on.

Never have more gimmicks been employed than will be in evidence at the start of this season. The Houston Astros are going to fasten Exergemes, weight-pulling devices, to the walls of the Astrodome and use them before the start of games. Before games in Cincinnati the Reds will once again use calisthenics. The Twins have been swinging a six-pound red-and-blue magnesium bat in the on-deck circle, and some of them will use a bat this year called the "Oregon Slammer." Harmon Killebrew is the man behind the Slammer. He maintains that it does not chip as easily as ash because it is made from tan oak wood, found only in southern Oregon and northern California.

Yet to make its appearance but expected soon is another bat, the "Watts Walloper." It is being manufactured in Watts, Calif., and, hopefully, its use will be restricted to baseball. Lou Johnson, that fine, free spirit traded from the Dodgers to the Chicago Cubs, is one of the men who will be pushing to get the Watts Walloper used throughout the major leagues. "There are about 25 people employed in the bat factory in Watts," Johnson says. "Most of them have police records and can't get jobs anywhere else, but they still want to work. I figure if I can get a few players to use their bats I'll be making jobs for these people. I'll show off my bats this summer and see if I can get a few contracts from players."

Among the first things that the fans will see this season are colored doughnuts. They are made of hard rubber and are slipped over the bats to add weight to them, thus eliminating the need for loaded bats in the on-deck circle. They are preferred by the players, who like the idea of loosening up with the bat they will be taking to the plate.

Perhaps two of the more surprising developments of the spring had to do with running. The San Francisco Giants were doing a lot of it at their camp in Casa Grande, Ariz., and so were the Twins at Orlando, Fla. When the Twins won the pennant in 1965, they displayed a great deal of daring on the bases. So they hired George Washington Case, the famous former base-stealer for the Washington

*continued*

Senators, to help them get off and running again. For the Giants, however, running is a complete departure. Over the past two seasons the entire team stole a total of only 51 bases. Lou Brock over that same period stole 126.

Certainly the most modern approach to change was made this spring at Fort Myers, Fla., where the Pirates train. Dr. Thomas A. Tutko, a psychologist who has dealt with thousands of athletes to discover what motivates them, gave the Pirates a series of questions to find out what their hang-ups might be. Favored to win the National League pennant last season, Pittsburgh finished a dismal sixth and even managed to lose one game when its hitters batted out of turn against the Mets. Dr. Tutko has worked previously with four professional football teams—New Orleans, Los Angeles, Dallas and San Francisco—and if you credit the success of the Rams and the Cowboys to him, then he is having two for four, which is considered very good in baseball.

Tutko says of the Pirates, "They are the most cooperative group I have ever worked with. The front office has put no restrictions on me. I suppose that some people will think that I have been called in to work with them because of all their recent troubles. The truth is that if there were lots of troubles, they would never have called me in. People don't want to expose the dirt in their closet."

All the mechanical devices, new managers and psychologists will play a part in this season, but baseball is still a superior game because of the quality of its stars and its continuity. One good baseball team seems capable of doing more for the pride of a city than six political conventions. Last year Boston and St. Louis were marvelous, alive with hope and concern for teams that had come from ninth and sixth places to win. Indeed, Boston's "impossible dream" and St. Louis' El Birdos took baseball back in time to a period when nobody questioned what really was the national game.

The four-team American League pennant race was not decided until 7:15 p.m. on the final Sunday of the season and, when Dick McAuliffe bounced into a double play to end Detroit's chances of a tie, it brought to light a remarkable statistic. It was only the second double play McAuliffe had grounded into all year. (His ration was one double play for every 278 at bats.) Just the year before, with three teams fighting it out, the National League pennant was not clinched until 7 p.m. on the final day.

These wonderful races were made to order for the true baseball fan, who is never happy unless he has plenty to worry about. In the forthcoming season, happily, there is a lot to concern him. What about Yaz, and can anyone ever do what he did again? Will Eddie Stanky change, as so many want him to? (Let's hope not.) How bad are Gene Alley's arm and Jim Kaat's elbow? What about Mays and Marichal, Allen and White? Will the Cincinnati Reds play to their potential after a winter and spring of haggling with management over salaries? Can Boog Powell, at the age of 26, win the "Comeback Player of the Year" award for the second time in three years and lead Baltimore to the pennant? Can Detroit shake off its reputation for losing when it should win? Will the young Cardinal pitching staff be as strong as it was last year? There are 162 glorious days in which to find out.

## IT WAS SOCK IT TO 'EM TIME ALL YEAR

From the start, when Brooks and Frank Robinson (right) of the world champion Orioles slammed out four homers between them in the first two games, 1967 was to be one of those vintage years, the kind that remind you that baseball in its subtle and often laconic ways is still a thrilling game of sudden action and intense climaxes. The play, highlights of which appear on these pages, became so implausible that even the 100-to-1 underdog Red Sox got into the act. The National League had its own upstart, Chicago, until marvelously balanced St. Louis ran away to await, with the rest of the country, the American League's wildest finish—and Boston.

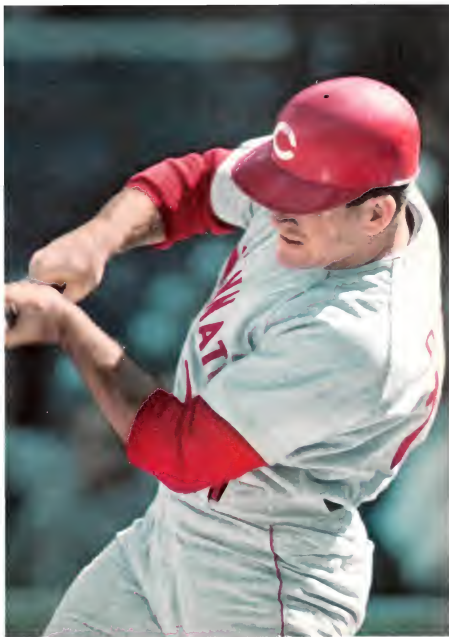


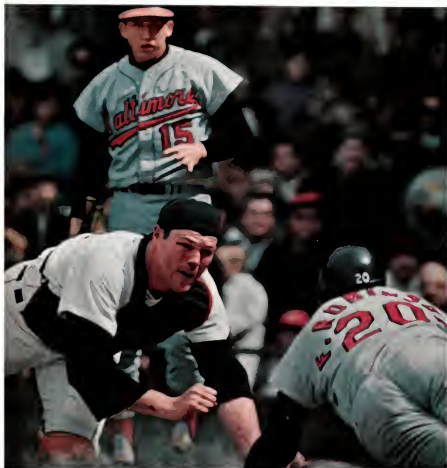


### Early run

The situation was almost always the same. With the tying run on base and the crowd screaming and spilling beer, the call went out to the bullpen. In trekked shy Ted Abernathy lobbed to save the Reds, and for another day the National League lead. An underdog with a snake-in-the-grass fastball, Abernathy was the best and most colorful reliever in the majors. He saved nine games in the first five weeks alone. But likely as not, the man whose hit won the game was switch-hitting Pete Rose. Right, that extreme rarity—an All-Star second baseman who became an All-Star outfielder. Rose batted .329, the Reds played 11 consecutive one-run games in May and June and won seven, five in a row.



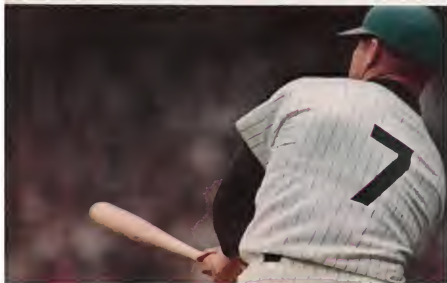




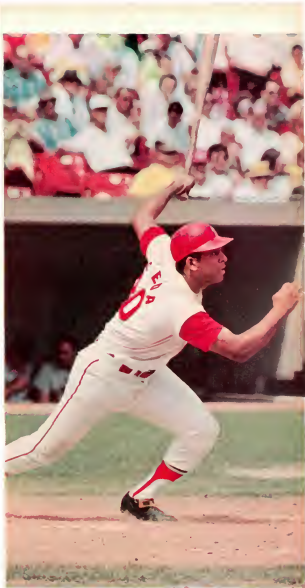
## Heating up

Detroit was playing its finest ball in years—and having its worst luck. Denny McLain, the Tigers' best pitcher, tripped on a rug and dislocated two toes. The club's most promising young hitter, Jim Northrup, caught the mumps, and the best old hitter, Al Kaline (No. 6, above left), ranned a bat into the rack in rage and broke his hand. But the Tigers, getting a superb year from Catcher Bill Freehan (left), shrugged off the breaks and bumps and stayed in the American League race until the final day. Equally aggressive were the White Sox, who actually led for much of the year as Eddie Stanky, unquestionably the best manager in baseball between the upper lip and the Adam's apple, frequently and eruditely discussed many a recalcitrant point of baseball law labave right). The White Sox lost because they had no hitting: in the National League the Pirates, preseason favorites, lost because they had little else. Roberto Clemente (right), the most consistent batter in the majors, revived talk of a .400 average as he whiffed line drives past all kinds of National League pitchers. Clemente cooled after midseason, but his final .357 was the league's highest since 1948, Stan Musial's prime.









## Summertime

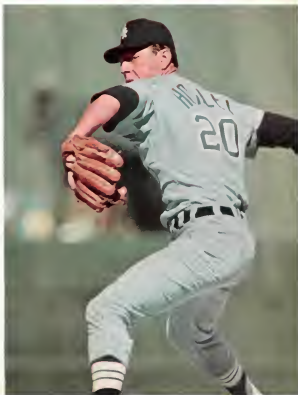
Ernie Banks was mobbed by fans as the Cubs threatened to make over 800-to-1 odds from fifth place to a permanent "The Cubs are in first place" ageless Ernie Banks stadium on July 2. Fifth only two weeks before, Chicago had won 14 of 15, largely on the burgeoning confidence of youngsters like Don Kessinger (above). But in St. Louis the Cardinals, led by Orlando Cepeda (right), erased the Cubs and the only serious threat on their exuberant march to the flag. Cepeda won the Most Valuable Player award. Mickey Mantle (left) came nowhere near winning his fourth. But the Yankee slugger hit his 500th home run to recapture momentarily the glory that once was a trademark



## Flash and crash

Zip, zap, zow and four seconds from digging spikes to flashing, uplifted spikes, long-striding Campy Campaneris labavel had stolen another one of his 55 bases to add sparkling substance to the flair of Kansas City's uniforms. The sound in Minnesota, where the Twins generated their own pennant fever, had a more solid thump to it—and thump again—as Harmon Killebrew (right, being greeted at the plate by teammates Cesar Tovar and Tony Oliva) mailed baseballs 144 homers in all into the left-field upper deck, preparing the way for a hot September.





### ... and nothing

That meanest, most frustrating, stingiest of pitching stiffs continued to keep the White Sox in contention. With the heat on, Texas Joe Horlen (right) tossed one of baseball's most dramatic no-hitters, beating the Tigers 6-0 on September 10 when a loss would have all but killed Chicago. Horlen, who has added a pair of spectacles to his repertoire this year, led the league by yielding 2.06 earned runs per game. His teammate, Gary Peters, was second with 2.28, and Tommy John was fourth. Rare were the batters who grew fat at the expense of the White Sox.



## The windup

Essentially, completely unswayed with his principles, he'd sit cross-legged in the world's best working (or rather your) stink room, at the Red Sox. Boston shouldn't win and couldn't win, but on it came from his place to first on the very last day—the most marvelous resurrection in 96 years of professional play. Most Valuable Player and Triple Crown Winner Carl Yastrzemski set the stage for a rout Boston with his game-clinching home run in the seventh inning of the next-to-last game (far left). And Pitcher Jim Lonborg swept up in a wave of delirium (near left) stole the final scene as the sun set on the season. But there the year of the carnival ended. The Cardinals, a team of exquisite balance and boundless professionalism, first teased the wondrous Red Sox in the World Series, then destroyed them. Bob Gibson labored right (far right) Boston bats, and singles hitter Julio Javier (right) finally signaled the end of the impossible dream by unloading a three-run homer off dead-game and dead-tired Jim Lonborg in the sixth inning of the climactic seventh game.







# NATIONAL LEAGUE

**M**ysterious things always seem to befall world champion teams that represent the National League. Certainly one of the least publicized facts in professional sports is the one that shows that not since John McGraw's New York Giants of 1921-22 has any National League club been able to win consecutive World Series. One season a team will look unbeatable while taking the pennant; the next, not even spelunkers can find it.



The swift and skilful flight of El Birdos to the top of the league and Gateway Arch may be duplicated.

Although the American League has produced four different winners since 1964, the idea persists that competition in the National League is fiercer and the play better. In truth, the gap between the leagues is narrowing. If play in the National League seems more exciting, it is because the running game is still used more aggressively, the sliding is sterner and the hitting more prolific. There have been 28 averages of .300 or over in the majors during the last two seasons, and 22 of those belonged to National Leaguers. Of the six in the American, two were achieved by Frank Robinson, a National League graduate.

Since the end of last season, National League executives have been swapping players the way kids deal away bubble-gum cards. So far, 52 players have been traded or sold, and some of those trades may have as profound an effect on the 1968 season as the one that brought Roger Maris to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1967. At the least,

they should help to generate the kind of four-way, you're-dead-no-I-ain't race to which the league had become accustomed before last year's Cardinals tore off at midseason and won by 10½ games, the largest margin in a dozen years. The Pittsburgh Pirates, to cite a prime example, landed one of the game's finest pitchers, Jim Bunning, and what he can do for that colorful collection of hard hitters might make people forget that Maris ever played.

Everyone but Phil Wrigley tried out in right field for the surprising third-place Chicago Cubs in 1967. Now Leo Durocher has Lou Johnson from Los Angeles and he no longer needs 11 men at that position to get through the schedule. In an attempt to move up from eighth place and lure one million lost fans back to Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles has added former American League Most Valuable Player, Zoilo Versalles, and Jim Grant (SI, April 8), a 21-game winner of two years back. But Cincinnati, trying to shake off the frustrations of a season bedeviled by injuries, has changed more than any team in the league. And, wonder of wonders, the San Francisco Giants, who got Ron Hunt from Los Angeles, may even make some double plays around second base.

St. Louis, however, remains a very strong team and seemingly the only one in the league capable of winning games consistently in any one of five ways: 1) with speed, 2) with defense, 3) with pitching, 4) with power or 5) with overall hitting. These qualities drew 2,090,145 people to Busch Memorial Stadium last year, and "El Birdos" topped Eero Saarinen's Gateway Arch as the leading symbol of civic pride.

The Cardinals, with a 52-28 road record last year, were



Balls and walls come tumbling down in Pittsburgh but Pitcher Jim Bunning should patch up the leaks.



hardly a lucky team. What they were was good and, as Centerfielder Curt Flood suggests, not only compatible but mature enough to realize that "as far as we are concerned all the stars are up in the sky." Unto themselves the Cards may not be stars, but what else are Flood, Lou Brock, Tim McCarver, Orlando Cepeda, Maris and Bob Gibson? If you saw last fall's World Series, undoubtedly you were impressed by the double-play combination of Julian Javier and Dal Maxvill. And then there was Mike Shannon, who made the transition from right field to third base well enough to rank second behind Cepeda with 77 runs batted in.

Under pressure throughout the season, Nelson Briles, 24 years old, and Steve Carlton, 23, developed into fine starting pitchers to win a total of 28 games, and Dick Hughes, a rookie at 29, threw his hard slider to win 16. These three lost only 30 games, and the staff as a whole worked 74 games in which two or fewer runs were allowed. This, mind you, without the services part of the time of Gibson, who recovered from a broken leg in time to make the Red Sox wish they had never heard of him. However, Manager Red Schoendienst will need all the pitching he can find after the All-Star break when St. Louis faces 57 straight games without a day off. Ray Washburn, Larry Jaster and rookie Mike Torrez may all be needed as well as Relievers Joe Hoerner and Ron Willis, who are better than their Series troubles would indicate, and rookie Hal Gilson, a 6' 5" left-hander who won 15 in 1967 for last-place Tulsa.

St. Louis has added Catcher John Edwards, Outfielder Dick Simpson and swing Infielder Dick Schofield since the end of last season. Young Bobby Tolan can play first or the outfield, Phil Gagliano any of the infield positions plus a portion of the outfield. Dave Ricketts, the third-string catcher, switch-hits and pinch-hits well.

Serious injuries can stop any team, and so can complacency. There is nothing Schoendienst can do about the former, but as for complacency, he says, "We don't have our 10½-game lead on the rest of the league anymore and we are not one game up in the World Series, but we have an awful lot of team pride." And enough talent and spirit to put them back up above the arch once again, within jumping distance of McGraw's '21-'22 Giants.

John Galbreath, the president of the Pittsburgh Pirates, won the 1967 Kentucky Derby with a genuine longshot named Proud Clarion and lost the National League pennant with a short-priced favorite. There are some who felt that Galbreath's horses and grooms shipped better than his team, which flew to many of its dates tourist class. But the real trouble with the Pirates last year was boxcars—sixes and sixes and more sixes. The pitching staff gave up six runs or more in better than a quarter of its games, and that sort of failure will not do in any league. Manager Harry Walker was fired and replaced by Danny Murtaugh, who did not want the job, all of which made little difference to a team that played no better than .500 ball

Even with that excellent Giant pitching, Harmon Franks has a question mark over Willie Mays.



for either man. Now Larry Shepard takes over. His credentials: he served as pitching coach at Philadelphia, where the team earned-run-average was 3.10. Bunning, who came from the Phils with Shepard, had six shutouts himself last year. The entire Pittsburgh staff had five.

"The Pirates," Maury Wills said recently, "plan on winning the pennant this time. We have a man to take charge of our pitching staff in Jim Bunning, and we are better than a sixth-place club." He paused to explain his new shoes, which have 10 blunt spikes on each. "Ron Fairly wore these for one whole season," Wills said, "but I wore them in a game last spring at Miami and they were objected to and outlawed by the American League first and then by the National. The rules committee has since okayed them, but I just wear them to be comfortable. I guess I may have done the bulk of my running. It's up to the Lou Brooks and Sonny Jacksons to go after the records now."

Maybe not. Wills hit .302 last year and played third base well for the Pirates. That was when his legs were hurting. They are back in shape, and he will steal more bases than the 29 he got last season.

One of Shepard's main problems, outside of pitching, will be defense, particularly if Shortstop Gene Alley is not sufficiently recovered from a shoulder ailment that vastly restricted his throwing throughout spring training. With the exception of the superb Roberto Clemente—whose fielding is every bit as impressive as his .357 average of last season—and who is the only man in the majors to have hit over .300 in every year since 1960—the outfield will give games away on defense at times. But in addition to Clemente's bat, those of Matty Alou (.338), Manny Mota (.321) and Willie Stargell (who in an off year hit .271 with 73 runs batted in) are frightening. Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski will be starting his 13th season with the Pirates, and Don Clendenen, although he strikes out a lot, will be at first and should lift his batting average some 40 points from .249.

It is Shepard's belief that Bunning "will do for our club what Sandy Koufax did for the Dodgers, making better

continued

pitchers out of the rest of the staff by taking the pressure off of them." Very early in the season Bunning will strike out his 1,000th National League hitter and thus join Cy Young as one of the only two pitchers to strike out that many batters in both leagues.

Having looked at the Pirates from the other side of the field last year, Shepard has decided that one of the flaws

Out of the debris left by the loss of Sandy and Moury, Walt Alston must fashion a flag contender.



in Pittsburgh teams of the past has been a failure to set up and stick with a working pitching rotation. With Bunning added to Bob Veale, Steve Blass, Tommy Sisk and Al McBean, the pitching picture certainly should improve. Jerry May will be the catcher. As Galbreath and anyone else who has been around a racetrack knows, a beaten favorite one time out often comes back to pull off a major surprise in its next start.

San Francisco Giant fans probably have looked at more seconds in recent years than anyone this side of Angelo Dundee. Still they have kept coming, carrying their thermos bottles and blankets up the hills to that modern ruin, Candlestick Park, and getting everything but the bases blown into their eyes as they ripped their stockings on the seats, but there is evidence now that even their storied patience is beginning to wear thin. Attendance during last year's third straight second-place finish dropped off 414,712 to 1,242,480—the lowest it has been since the franchise moved west in 1958.

In the 10 years that the Giants have been on the Coast they have won more games (887) than any other team in the National League and one pennant. The hated Dodgers to the south, with 11 fewer victories, have won four pennants. This is galling enough, but it is worse when you consider how the '67 Giants managed to finish second. A 10th-place team in the early running because Juan Marichal reported to spring training late following a bitter holdout, the Giants won 21 of their last 28 games. En route to this blazing finish they accomplished some spectacularly negative things. They did not steal a base until

June 7, when Willie McCovey broke the spell. Marichal pitched once after August 4, and no matter how Herman Franks, the friendly manager, mixed and matched his double-play combination of Hal Lanier and Tito Fuentes it could not make the big play. Worse, the two hit a composite .212.

Then, of course, there was Willie Mays. The easiest thing to do last year was to consider Mays through. It might also have been a most misleading thing to do. Granted, Mays had a horrible year by his own standards (.263, 22 HRs, 70 RBIs), but he still had 11 game-winning hits. At 37 he might very well duplicate the feat of an aging Stanley Musial, who, following three sub-par seasons, came back to hit .330. If he does, the Giant pitchers will have all the runs they need. Besides Mays, there are McCovey (.276, 31 HRs and 91 RBIs), Jim Ray Hart (.289, 29, 99) and Jesus Alou (.292). That is hitting. Hunt should help the Giants both offensively and defensively if he can stay off the rubbing table (he has averaged only 107 games annually over the past four years), and Lanier is adequate at short when he has a double-play man to work with. Jackie Hatt, Bob Barton and Dick Dietz will catch, and Jim Davenport is still one of the best utility men in the game (.275 in 124 games in 1967).

Like Mays, Marichal suffered from a hamstring pull last season. This year the entire Giant camp was pointed at eliminating hamstring injuries, with Marichal, off to his earliest training start, in the forefront. His record in 1967



Vado Pinson and the Reds always seem to start out on target but lose sight of the bull's-eye on the way.

was only 14-10, but there is gold in that figure. Marichal had 18 complete games. Overall, in fact, the staff had the most complete games (64) and the best ERA in the league.

Continued watering down of the spitball rule is perfect for Gaylor Perry (15-17, 18 complete games and a 2.61 ERA), and he joins Marichal and 22-game winner Mike McCormick to give the Giants a solid-front three. Left-hander Ray Sadecki (12-6) was ridiculed often in San Francisco because it was Cepeda for whom he was traded, but he had nine complete games in his last 12 starts of '67 and

his best earned run average ever (2.78). The bullpen is better than average, and if Sadecki has a good year the Giants could have the best and most balanced corps in the league with two lefties and two righties.

The Los Angeles Dodgers seemed to be playing last season merely to keep warm. In one game at Dodger Stadium against San Francisco things got so bad that Manager Walter Alston had to use Outfielder Jim Hickman in relief. Koufax and Willis, of course, were no longer Dodgers, depriving the club not only of its two most valuable players but also of that star quality that is so necessary to box office in L.A.

One star around this year is Don Drysdale. He was a

Some said Leo was over the hill until he chomped the Cubs and drove them to respectability in '67



brilliant losing pitcher in 1967 (13-16 with a 2.74 ERA), and he needs only one victory this year to break Dazzy Vance's club record of 190 and one shutout to surpass Koufax's record of 40. Since pitching has been a major Dodger trademark in recent years, the team should move up in the standings following its eighth-place finish, particularly after this year's spring training, the most strenuous anybody can recall. With Drysdale, there are Claude Osteen (17-17), the traded-for Jim Grant, Bill Singer (12-8) and young Alan Foster. Singer, who will be 24 late this month, had a hot stretch last year when he won 10 games and lost only two. Ron Perranoski and Bob Miller were traded to the Twins, but Phil Regan is still around and Jim Brewer and Vicente Romo will probably fill their bullpen spots.

Versalles is the man who may be able to erase some of the memories of Willis from the minds of unforgiving fans. He is a spectacular shortstop when he feels like playing up to his potential, and he moves into Los Angeles following a season in which Dodger shortstopping was wretched, no matter which of five different victims played it. Jim Lefebvre slides back from third to second, and Wes Parker will play first. Few play it better. Third base will see Bob Bailey, but what really matters is how often Bob Bailey will see first. Despite a comeback after the All-Star break, he ended with a .227 average.

Rocky Colavito, newly arrived from the Chicago White

Sox, joins Willie Davis, Ron Fairly, Jim Fairry, Len Gabrielson and Al Ferrara in the Dodger outfield. Ferrara became at least a semistar last year with 16 homers and a .277 average. He batted .312 at Dodger Stadium and possibly would have gone over .300 for the season had he not been used so often as a pinch hitter. Although at 6'1" Ferrara looks more like a man who moves pianos instead of playing them, he appeared at Carnegie Hall at 16 with a piano class and performed one number. "I gave up the piano," he says now, "because I couldn't pick up things by ear. And the people I went out with in Brooklyn were more interested in hearing *Rock Around the Clock* than classical selections. I play the horses now. *Love* to play them. I go to Santa Anita and Hollywood Park every chance I get. No, I don't sit with Drysdale. I'm not one of those fellows who sits with owners. He's done real well as an owner, but I never won a dime on one of his horses.

"This year, in our first few exhibition games we made some fine double plays, and the whole team came alive after being dead for almost a year. We'll be in this race."

Dodger Stadium last June 18 was as fine a place to be as one could imagine. The afternoon was warm, and 35,000 Sunday spectators had come out to see Los Angeles play the Cincinnati Reds, who were leading the league by a game and a half. But down in his first-base dugout before the game, Dave Bristol, the young and colorful manager, was on the verge of delivering a soliloquy of hell.

The Reds were desperate. They had attained their slim lead by a cluster of spectacular late-inning victories in April, May and early June, and now they were trying to hold it although they had been stung by injuries to Pete Rose, Leo Cardenas, Tommy Helms and Bill McCool. "Injuries," Bristol said, "are a part of the game, and you have to overcome them as best you can. There are times when you might want to cry about them, but you can't do it." Despite those brave words, the Reds lost that June afternoon and their lead, which had once been four games,

*continued*

All the wizardry of much-traveled Paul Richards must be mustered if Atlanta's Braves are to rise.



was reduced to a handful of percentage points. Ultimately injuries destroyed the Reds, and they finished fourth.

The red pinstripes are gone from Cincinnati's uniforms this year and a new riverfront stadium seating 50,000 is abuilding and should be ready by 1970. But 1968 is the critical year for the Reds and, in particular, for their general manager, Bob Howsam. Working on the second year of a three-year contract, Howsam has changed Cincinnati drastically. Deron Johnson is gone. So are Tommy Harper, Art Shamsky and Edwards. Remember, if you do not feel that these departures are drastic, that the ghost of Frank Robinson still lingers over Crosley Field.

Just as he was in St. Louis, Howsam is now a controversial figure in Cincinnati. There are those in both cities who believe that his trades look like they were thought out in a Waring blender. But who got Roger Maris and Orlando Cepeda into Cardinal uniforms?

Who, indeed, also brought to the Cardinals Art Mahaffey, Alex Johnson, Charley Smith and John Romano, all now departed? But Howsam is an innovator who does not live in fear of trying new things. Attendance jumped a quarter of a million in his first season in Cincinnati. A serious question remains, however. If it is the team that draws the bulk of the people, will an angry team prove attractive? Because that is the kind of club Howsam has on his hands after irritating many of the top Cincinnati players this spring during contract negotiations.

Angry or not, the Reds do have the players. Rookie John Bench will catch, and if you are wondering if a team has ever won a pennant with a rookie catcher the answer is yes: Andy Etchebarren caught for the 1966 Baltimore Orioles. The infield of Leo May, Tommy Helms, Leo Cardenas and Tony Perez is adequate defensively and excellent offensively, assuming that Helms (.274) stays healthy and Perez can come close to repeating his brilliant season of 1967 (27 HRs, 102 RBIs, .290 avg.). Fred Whitfield,

Chico Ruiz and Bob Johnson will be the utility men.

Pete Rose, the Reds' leading hitter last year (.301), moves to right field with Vada Pinson in center. Pinson led the team in seven offensive categories. Alex Johnson and Mack Jones, one from the Cardinals, the other from the Braves, round out an excellent outfield.

The reason the Reds got off to such a fine start in 1967 is that 19-year-old Gary Nolan (14-8) and converted Outfielder Mel Queen (14-8) did so well along with Relief Pitcher Ted Abernathy. Abernathy, if you count saves (26) and wins (6), accounted for 37% of the victories. Milt Pappas (16-13) was the team's big 1967 winner, and Jim Maloney (15-11) has won 15 or more games for five straight seasons. Bill Kelso, Jorge Rubio and George Culver are pitchers picked up from the American League, and Culver (7-3 with the Indians) is one with a difference. Unlike George Plimpton, he is an athlete who wants to be a writer.

The Reds, as enigmatic as a Kremlin caper, could, if happy and healthy, finish first, but the spring arm troubles of Nolan, who has been sent down, could hurt them drastically.

When Leo Durocher took over Phil Wrigley's gummed-up Chicago Cubs two seasons back, Dodger General Manager Buzzie Bavasi said, "The game has passed Leo by." Well, Durocher and his exciting Cubs passed Bavasi and the Dodgers right by last season on their rise from 10th to third as they improved from 59 wins in '66 to 87 in '67.

Certainly if you want to find flaws in the Cubs they are present, but not in the starting infield of Ernie Banks, Glenn Beckert, Don Kessinger and the fantastic Ron Santo. Randy Hundley is a fine young catcher who has worked 301 games in the last two seasons and hit .267 last year. Ex-Dodger Rightfielder Johnson is Durocher's type of hustler, and Billy Williams is even better than his 24 homers, 84 RBIs and .278 average proved him to be last season. Centerfielder Adolfo Phillips knows that Durocher is the boss now. If he can put two good half seasons together instead of just one, the Cubs again will contend for the title.

Chicago, however, is going with young pitching and that is always a risk, even though it worked for St. Louis last year. The starting four pitchers—Ferguson Jenkins, a 20-game winner, Joe Niekro, Rich Nye and Ken Holtzman—average only 23 years of age with four full years of major league experience. Holtzman had a record of 9-0 while commuting from the service last season, but he could eventually be one of baseball's finest pitchers.

"I think," Holtzman said recently, "that position for position we can match anyone with our hitting and defense, so the pressure is really on the four of us and the bullpen. If we can come up with 15, 20 wins from two of us and 10, 15 from the other two, we can win it." That is a large order, especially now that everyone is ready and waiting for the Cubs.

The Atlanta Braves produced more good fights last sea-



Confusion and injuries hover in the background as the Phils set for what may be a profitless year.



Gil Hodges looms large in the plans of the Mets as a young team hopes to offer New York a new deal

son than the World Boxing Association's heavyweight elimination tournament. This year Paul Richards, a man who many say will somehow get himself to heaven 10 minutes before the devil knows he's dead, may be able to straighten Atlanta out. Should he succeed, Atlanta will be surprisingly strong. Yes, Henry Aaron is still with the Braves, and Joe Torre and Felipe Alou should bounce back following operations. Deron Johnson probably will hit a lot of homers in Atlanta Stadium, and Clete Boyer, who batted in 96 runs last year with a .245 batting average, Shortstop Sonny Jackson and Second Baseman Felix Millan now give the Braves overall defense. Richards believes in defense. He believes in pitching, too. He and new Manager Lum Harris are going to have to work hard to get their confused staff into winning form if the fighting Braves are to improve on their seventh-place finish, their lowest since leaving Boston for Atlanta via Milwaukee.

No team enters this season in as confused a state as the Philadelphia Phillies, for they must present a case for being a possible contender while rebuilding. To make any kind of showing now that Bunning is gone, Bill White and Richie Allen both have to come back strong. Allen has had difficulties with the fans and management in Philadelphia, and his serious injury of last year, unhappily, has left grave doubts as to his ability to throw. White, happily, has worked harder this spring than at any time since his rookie year with the Giants, and John Callahan has spent part of the winter in Boston under Gene Berde, the same conditioner who was so prominent in the rehabilitation of Carl Yastrzemski last year. But expect only minor miracles this season in Philadelphia.

Although each team in the National League will be affected in 1968 by the absence of youngsters serving their military obligations, the New York Mets and Houston Astros, because of their youth, probably will suffer the most from weekend and two-week service duty. New York should be a more interesting team than in the past, if only because its young players are finally beginning to surface. Three of them did last year—Tom Seaver, Bud Harrelson and Ron Swoboda—and the addition of Tommie Agee

from the White Sox will at last make the team respectable in center field. At 25 Agee is potentially the most exciting player the Mets have ever had. He has tailored himself in the image of Mays and can gallop over the outfield as well as any player. Although he will strike out a lot, Agee can run the bases and hit home runs.

Hiring Gil Hodges, who showed at Washington that he can be a good and sometimes sarcastic manager, will prove a plus. This spring the Mets were not winning many games, but they made fewer fundamental mistakes than ever. With young pitching and a different attitude, they could get off to a quick start, and that would be a delightful change.

Like the Mets, Houston has three good young players in Jim Wynn, Rusty Staub and Joe Morgan plus some hopefuls in Norm Miller, Doug Rader and Ron Davis. The Astros are also going to use rookie Catcher Hal King and Hector Torres at shortstop. Torres, now 22, was the youngster who pitched the Monterrey, Mexico, Little League team to the world championship 10 years ago. He threw left- and right-handed and presumably can do the same for the

Roy Hofmann of Houston has a going game but his sputtering Astros can't get off the launching pad



Phillies if things become terribly raunchy in the infield.

Oddly, Houston's pitching, which had been fairly good in earlier seasons, became the worst in the majors last year (4.03 ERA). Mike Cuellar (16-11), no-hit Don Wilson (10-9), Larry Dierker and Dave Giusti should not be mentioned with the Cardinal or Giant stuffs, but they are better than their combined records for 1967 would have you believe. Relief pitchers will try and save them.

It is obvious that should anything happen to a Nelson Briles, a Dick Hughes or a Steve Carlton, the St. Louis Cardinals could be in serious trouble. That same reasoning, though, holds true for any pitching staff on any team. As they enter the 1968 season the Cardinals are the most impressive team in all of baseball.

# AMERICAN LEAGUE

**F**ollowing the most exciting race in its history, the American League now has people believing in it again. For too many years it was moribund because of the excellence of the New York Yankees and the servility of those willing to bend at the waist before them. But the league has produced pennant winners in Boston, Baltimore, Minnesota and New York during the past four years. Better, the leap

The clock has not struck for the Tigers in 22 seasons and people wonder what holds them back.



by the exciting young Red Sox from ninth to first place last season did much more than stir New England. It convinced other teams that had grown accustomed to finishing deep in the standings that they, too, might rise to become contenders. Talk of a six-team race, in fact, dominated spring-training camps, but mathematics is always against anything as complicated as that and many off-season developments already have had a fateful effect on the year's prospects.

Start with Boston. The Red Sox situation became very grim last winter even before it was learned that the team's brilliant young outfielder, Tony Conigliaro, might never play big-league baseball again. Jim Lonborg, Boston's 22-game winner, broke his leg while skiing. Assuming that Lonborg can come back and pitch by June 1, what assurance is there that he will be effective? Blue-skiesers conveniently remember that Bob Gibson of the Cardinals recovered after breaking his leg last season. But Gibson's

break was in the right leg, Lonborg's is in the left. Get up from your chair for a moment and try to pinch right-handed. Imagine that Al Kaline is at the plate and you must strike him out pitching right-handed. Throw your best imaginary fastball. Feel a strain on the left leg? There is indeed a difference which leg you break.

Luis Aparicio, Russ Snyder and Tommy Davis have joined the Chicago White Sox, and John Roseboro, Ron Perranoski and Bob Miller are now with the Twins. The surprise team of the league could be the Cleveland Indians, who, after finishing eighth last season, their worst showing since 1914, have traded well and have also spent more than \$3 million in dressing up Municipal Stadium and installing a new stadium club for regular customers. Under new Manager Alvin Dark, who likes a running club, they have also put on their running shoes.

The least changed team of all is Detroit. But time is running out on the Tigers, who nearly always get into the race and then blunder opportunities away. The saying about Detroit is: "They will find a way to lose it." Maybe not this time. Detroit tied Minnesota for second last year despite leading the league in injuries as 10 players (not including pitchers) missed a total of 202 games. Kaline handled the bat very well (.308) but not the bat rack—he broke his hand on *that* and missed a month of the season. Willie Horton was out for 43 games with Achilles' tendon trouble. Outfielder Gates Brown went to the plate fewer than 100 times because of a dislocated wrist, and Don Wert, the second-best third baseman in the league, missed two weeks with an injury. Dick McAuliffe, normally one



Puffed up by big bats, Chwukee will compete between Comiskey Park and County Stadium.

of the American League's most aggressive hitters, dropped from .274 to .239.

Detroit's front-line pitching, while certainly not the equal of Chicago's, is still very good, and Mickey Lolich, considering his late showing in '67, could become one of the big winners in baseball. Lolich was called up twice by the National Guard last season, once to help defend Detroit against rioters. He went 54 days without a win, rolled up a 10-game losing streak and then came back to win nine of his last 10 games. During the second half of the year his earned run average was 1.66, and that was under real pressure.

Johnny Sain, the talented pitching coach, helped Joe Sparrna regain his winning touch (his record was 16-9), but Sain's main job this spring was with Denny McLain. To the Tigers, McLain is a paradox. His record is 7-1 against the White Sox in Tiger Stadium, 1-5 against them in Comiskey Park. When he was talking about building a restaurant two years ago McLain thought of the number of homers he gives up and said, "I might just as well name it The Upper Deck." Last year his homer yield came down from 42 to 35 but his record was 17-16 and he missed the last two weeks of the season with dislocated toes. Everything seems in reasonable order now, and McLain could have a good year.

Because Boston caught the fancy of a lot of image-making Easterners last year, Earl Wilson's remarkable season (22-11) failed to receive the attention it deserved. Since going to the Tigers from the Red Sox in June of 1966, he has a record of 35-17, and he has hit nine homers in that time. Wilson, a bachelor of 32, owns some 50 suits and three dozen pairs of shoes. "I'm not a swinger," he says, "but once the season is over I move out real good." At Boston, Wilson had trouble with his temper and was instructed to throw fastballs instead of using all his pitches. "Now," he says, "my pitching is more mental than physical. I'm more concerned with each pitch, because I've learned that even if the hitter has a good idea of what pitch I'm going to use, I can still get him out if I throw it right. Today I worry before a game. It's not that I have any fear of pitching. What I have a fear of—this may just be a matter of word selection—is losing."

The Tigers should have won last year, but their bullpen wasted four victories in the eighth or ninth innings during the last two weeks of the season. Should the Tiger bullpen improve, the other elements, particularly the club's defense, are there. But do the Tigers want to win badly enough to make it happen?

The team with the most desire and least talent in 1967 was Chicago. How Manager Eddie Stanky got the White Sox to finish only three games out of first place is still one of the unanswered mysteries of modern times. He tilted many a windmill and kept interest up in people (outside of his pitchers) you had never heard about. The Sox made a number of off-season changes, but did not lose much of their splendid pitching. They now play in both Mil-



The Baltimore Oriole had his sweet slay muted in '67 by strangulation as every thing seemed to go wrong with the team.

waukee and Comiskey Park, and they will play quite well.

The most prominent change is the addition of hitters, not that anybody is going to make a dent in the walls of Comiskey Park where an exploding scoreboard in center field is in danger of falling into disuse. At one point last summer the Sox played 120 innings with a total of three homers. Once, by error, the scoreboard was shot off when a fly ball bounced into the stands for a ground-rule double. A call came from the opposing bench to Howie Roberts, the man who issues the order to detonate the board. The voice was Mel Harder's. He asked, "What the hell do you do for triples?"

The lack of the homer has not hurt Chicago as much as one might think, because the spaciousness of Comiskey Park and the excellence of the club's pitching have tranquilized the best home-run hitters in the league. During 1966-67, for instance, the league's 12 best hit 419 homers, but only 13 of them in Comiskey Park.

Chicago used close to 50 players to get through 1967. Since the team hit so poorly it was generally assumed that Chicago's strength was its defense. Not so. General Manager Ed Short's off-season efforts were aimed mainly at achieving hitting and stability. Aparicio replaces Ron Hansen at shortstop, and Stanky will use both Tim Cullen and Sandy Alomar at second. Ken Boyer, the team's top batter in 1967 at .261, will play third and Tom McCraw first, but Pete Ward can and will fill in at both positions. His 18 homers topped last year's team, a fact Stanky is not likely to ignore. The outfield probably will have Tommy Davis, a consistent .300 National League hitter and look what Frank Robinson did when he changed leagues). Ken Berry and the traded-for Russ Snyder, a man who hits his best with runners in scoring position. Duane Josephson and Jerry McNertney will be the catchers, and Josephson should hit better than his .238 of last year. Outfielders Buddy Bradford, Bill Voss and Walt Williams give Stanky some speed and fluidity.

"We know we will win games with our infield defense this year," Stanky said recently, "and probably lose some

continued

by our outfield defense. But our hitting has improved."

If possible, the pitching might have, too. Joe Horlen, Gary Peters and Tommy John, who was sick for part of the season, seem sharp. Their earned run averages in 1967 ranked, respectively, first, second and fourth. John could move up. Cisco Carlos (51, March 11), the rookie who had an ERA of 0.86 in 42 innings during the stretch fight, looked very good in exhibition games. Jack Fisher, obtained from the Mets, can work 200 innings if needed. Stanky's bullpen will again be led by Bob Locker, Wilbur Wood, Don McMahon and apparently ageless Hoyt Wil-



Twins Owner Calvin Griffith has looked things over, trodded heavily and hopes to contend again

helm, whose knuckleball seems to get more untouchable with each new season.

With Aparicio and Snyder gone from the Baltimore Orioles, Manager Hank Bauer loses some lineup balance and bench strength. Even though this is no fault of Bauer's, the rumor is that he may be fired early in the season should his club fail to get off to an impressive start. There were many illusions in Baltimore as the '67 season got under way. After sweeping the Dodgers aside in the '66 World Series, the Orioles were supposed to be on the threshold of a dynasty. Events, however, did not bear out this historical preview. Before mid-September the Orioles had put together as much as a four-game winning streak only once. They saak ignominiously from world champions to a tie for sixth.

Baltimore's troubles began in spring training when the players got into an argument with management over television money and management got into a tizzy over Bauer's role in the affair. Then Mike Epstein, a rookie who felt he should stay with the team rather than be sent to the minors, rebelled. Instead of holding firm, management weakly traded him. Frank Robinson next charged the team with jealousy. Steve Barber lost a no-hitter and also jumped the club. The yearbook did not come out until August,

The heavy-hitting Red Sox still have the look of youth that made them so thrilling last season



costing the Orioles some \$50,000 in revenue. Relief Pitcher Eddie Fisher was accused of hitting a house detective at 4 a.m. in a Chicago hotel. That is the kind of year Baltimore had.

In his forthcoming book, *My Life Is Baseball* (Doubleday & Company, Inc. \$4.95), Robinson says, "As early as June . . . I could see that we weren't going anywhere. Looking back, I think the worst thing that could have happened to us was when we won our first three games of the season. We beat Minnesota twice, then Kansas City. And, right away, a lot of players felt . . . here we go again, we'll win . . . We just seemed to think that because we were the champs all we had to do was go out on the field and we'd win."

Robinson, of all the Orioles, seemed least affected by the team's malaise. He was moving along almost as well as he had the year before, when he won the Triple Crown. Then he collided with Al Weiss of the White Sox. He was out for 31 days. Even when he returned to the lineup he played with his vision impaired. At that, he finished the season with 30 home runs, 94 RBIs and a .311 average. Boog Powell, the huge first baseman who seems to grow in size but not in stature, played in 125 games, four fewer than Robinson, and his numbers were awful (13, 55, 234). During one stretch of 80 at bats he failed to drive home a single run.

Powell, however, has had a good year on top of a bad one more than once, and if Baltimore is to climb he is going to have to play a big part in it. Brooks Robinson was in and out with his hitting (.269), and he probably typified the frustrations the club felt when he hit 10 straight homers with nobody on. The one bright spot was the play of Centerfielder Paul Blair, who was fifth in the league in hitting (.293). Just to keep up with the way things were going, Blair went to play winter ball and promptly broke his ankle. Blair, remarkably, is back and playing. If he



is right, if Powell and the Robinsons are right, the team's hitting will be superb.

Unfortunately, because of a lot of sore arms, the Oriole pitching staff had not been right for the last two years, during which it completed only 52 games (compared to the Twins' 110). Once again this spring Jim Palmer was bothered by his arm, but Oriole spring pitching, at least statistically, was 20% better than that of any of the clubs that finished above them in '67. Roger Nelson, a 23-year-old righthander from the White Sox, could be a sleeper in the Oriole plans. Bauer will use Jim Hardin (8-3 last season), Tom Phoebus (14-9) and Dave McNally (7-7), with Bruce Howard (3-10), picked up from the White Sox, and Spot Starter Gene Brabender (6-4). Curt Blefary will get a chance to catch and probably will lead off, but Shortstop Mark Belanger, excellent fielder that he is, will have to hit better than in the past (.174 in '67). Don Buford might also help with his speed and bat.

The Orioles, who made too many mistakes last year to give any indication of their true talent, could be any kind of a team. They will be contenders if everything, for a change, goes well.

Minnesota's Twins appeared to have the pennant won with two days left last season, but then they had to field ground balls in Boston; fins. Fielding ground balls is not one of their strong points, and when they start to throw balls around, hell breaks loose. As Owner Cal Griffith said after those final losses, "We were awful and didn't deserve to win."

Once Griffith was considered a very conservative trader, but in the last two years he has dealt away Jimmie Hall, Don Mincher, Zoilo Versalles and Jim Grant. He now assesses his needs carefully and goes after what he believes he must have to keep the Twins in contention. People laughed at Griffith when he got Cesar Tovar from

the Reds in 1964, but without Tovar last year Minnesota would not have been anywhere near the pennant. For Mincer and Hall he obtained the stopper the pitching staff needed in Dean Chance, a 20-game winner. It was obvious to Griffith at the end of last season that he would have to have relief pitching and an experienced catcher who could hit. So he gave Los Angeles Grant and Versalles for Catcher John Roseboro (.272 and .276 in the National League the past two seasons) and Relief Pitchers Ron Perranoski and Bob Miller. Good moves! Sadly, the left side of Minnesota's infield is a puzzle. Riche Rollins, the most used third baseman of recent years, is just over a knee operation, and Shortstop Jackie Hernandez, a fine fielder, never stunned anyone in the minors with his bat. Little Tovar will have to play a lot of positions again this year. It is Minnesota's misfortune that he cannot play three at the same time.

Harmon Killebrew hit 44 homers and would have hit more had he not been struck by a pitch in August. Be-



Bill Rigney seems to get more from the Angels each year by aiming them up toward the heavens.



Jim Lemon comes back to manage a big team that may turn Washington into a boom town.

cause of bone fragments in his knee, Tony Oliva was never sound last year, but he was hitting at the close of the season—15 for 21 at one point—and ended up at .289.

The most disturbing news as far as Twin followers are concerned is that Jim Kaat, their best lefthander, will open the season on the disabled list with an elbow problem that he encountered in the next-to-last game of 1967. The rest of the Twins' pitching is good, but once that defense starts to throw the ball around, ugh!

If there is one thing on which American League managers are going to be in accord this season it is Carl Yastrzemski. Although the boos will fill the streets outside of Fenway Park, where the largest advance sale in Red Sox history has already been accomplished (close to \$1 million), Yaz is not going to get too much to hit at. He

(continued)

was not a lucky Triple Crown winner in 1967. Everyone, in fact, respected his accomplishments, so much so that it now seems agreed that the best method of avoiding defeat by Boston may be to pitch around Yaz and work on whomever Manager Dick Williams can come up with to hit behind him.

The Red Sox had hopes that Conigliaro would be able to make a successful comeback after being hit by a Jack Hamilton pitch in August. Last week, after striking out eight times in 10 at bats in Florida, Conigliaro returned to Boston to undergo further eye tests. It was disclosed that his eyesight had deteriorated. His vision is now distorted, and he has "poor or no depth perception."

Basically, Boston's lineup is solid and young. Manager Dick Williams has a huge doghouse approach to managing, but his methods proved worthy enough last season. (A wooden doghouse board has been made for Williams this year, and every player has a tag with his name on it. But if Yaz's tag goes on it, boys, Williams might get run out of town.) The Boston catching and pitching are weak, however, and an operation on Russ Gibson's appendix during spring training has not helped matters much. He will be late getting into shape. Gene Oliver and aging Elston Howard must be ready to handle a long schedule.

Conigliaro's recovery might have been the key to Boston's success or failure this year. After losing time and his touch doing temporary military duty in 1967, he still had 20 homers, 67 RBIs and was batting .281 when he was injured with 46 games to go. Now Williams must try to replace him, perhaps with Joe LaHoud, a 19-year-old outfielder with only 161 games of minor league experience, or José Tartabull, a good fielder with only two homers in six major league seasons. Both bat left-handed. Ken Harrelson can hit homers but is a poor fielder.

If Conigliaro's courage alone could win a pennant, then this Boston team would have no problems, for it took valor on his part to try a comeback so quickly after the experience he had last summer. "My vision isn't perfect

yet," he said early this spring before exhibition games started. "I've got one blind spot, and I'm standing a little farther from the plate now. Look, I'll never forget last August 18, but baseball is my life. If I'm gun shy I'm through."

Back home in Boston, Conigliaro tried his best to encourage his teammates and followers about his future. "I want all my friends to know that I'm not going to quit and that somehow, some way, there will be good days again," he said. If there are for Conigliaro in baseball, they probably will not occur this season. Thus, with Loeberg a very doubtful commodity himself, Boston's pitching will have to be just this side of wonderful if the team is to stay afloat until the two return to form or, highly unlikely, comparable replacements are found for both injured players. Williams' five starters will be Ray Culp, Dick Ellsworth, José Santiago, Jerry Stephenson and Gary Waslewski, and their combined records last year added up to 31-25. The easiest thing to say of the Red Sox is no way. There was no way last year, either.

Taped to the top of Mike Epstein's locker at the Washington Senators' spring training camp was a piece of paper with these words printed in red ink: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Having dieted away 23 pounds and seemingly rediscovered the batting stance that enabled him to become the International League's MVP two seasons back, Epstein is an exciting player again. If he remains so the league as a whole and the Senators in particular will profit greatly.

Epstein, 25, is bright enough to believe he knows what happened to him in his first try at the majors. "After a while," he says, "I think the players wanted to see me as much as the fans did. It became a show-me attitude on the part of the players and the fans—now show me you can do it. It's all part of the game. The more they gave me that show-me attitude, the worse I got."

Even with Epstein going bad last summer, Senator fans went out in greater numbers (770,868) than at any time in 20 years as Washington tied the Orioles for sixth place. Their record against first-division teams was 46-44 and that, topped by a fine exhibition season, should encourage people. Jim Lemon, hired to replace the popular Gil Hodges as manager, is going to try to get the Senators to show a little more daring on the bases.

Blessed with good relief pitching, a fine catcher in Paul Casanova and hitters such as the traded-for Sam Bowens and Ron Hansen to help Frank Howard (36 homers), now the highest paid Senator ever, and Epstein, Washington has good power. The pitching will probably line up with Camilo Pascual, Frank Bertina, Dick Bosman, Barry Moore, Phil Ortega and Bill Denehey. Epstein, though, is the team bellwether.

Any true race needs long shots with winning potential, and the two this year are assuredly the California Angels and the Cleveland Indians. Manager Bill Rigney believes that his Angels matured during the last week of 1967 when they knocked Detroit and Minnesota around while



The Indians have taken on sound, tactical Alvin Dark, who plans to make warpaths of base paths

Charlie Finley has parked in Oakland this time, hoping to win the gold that washed out in Kansas City.



finishing fifth. The Angels have an excellent double-play combination in Shortstop Jim Fregosi (.290) and Bobby Knoop (.245), both Gold Glove winners. Don Mincher hit 25 homers, Jimmy Hall 16 and Rick Reichardt, the boy everybody is waiting on, hit over .300 during the last two months and ended up with 17 homers. California's catching will be taken care of with more than ordinary aplomb by Bob Rodgers, but this spring Aurelio Rodriguez, the Mexican third baseman, did not hit the way the Angels had hoped he would.

California got only 19 complete games out of its pitchers last year, so Rig, the master manipulator, may have to be in top form again. One man he had counted on as a potential starter, Sammy Ellis, acquired from the Reds, had a poor exhibition season. Jim McGlothlin and Rickey Clark are capable but young. Minnie Rojas, who appeared in 72 games in relief, will have to have another good year for the Angels to reach the station many think them capable of attaining—first place.

Cleveland's reach this year could exceed its grasp, but some people, Chicago's Stanky included, consider the Indians a team to beware of. According to General Manager Gabe Paul, Sam McDowell, the controversial and often confused left-hander, "has reached the maturity that should raise him to greatness." If McDowell truly has matured at 25, then the Indians, with Sonny Siebert, Steve Hargan, Luis Tiant and Stan Williams going for them, too, have formidable front-line pitching. And behind them is Eddie Fisher, who has had many a good year bringing his knuckleball out of bullpen in Chicago and Baltimore.

Cleveland's catching is better than adequate, its infield suspect and the outfield made up of elements of speed and power that Manager Dark can juggle around to suit the situation. That strong pitching, though, will be Cleveland's principal forte.

Last season things were too messed up throughout the entire Kansas City structure to call the Athletics a major league team. There are a lot of good new people in Charlie Finley's freshly settled Oakland organization, so messing around is a thing of the past, right, or have you forgotten Finley? Manager Bob Kennedy has a two-year contract. Should he make it to the end, he will be the first man ever to have accomplished that feat with Finley.

The A's have excellent young talent, and it is not all concentrated in their pitching (Blue Moon Odom, Tony Pierce, Jim Nash, Chuck Dobson, Lew Krausse). Rick Monday (.251 and 14 homers) is an exciting outfielder who should hit for more power in the Oakland Stadium. Sal Bando and Reggie Jackson probably will blossom. All three attended Arizona State University, where excellent players are developed, thanks to a schedule some 70 games long.

The New York Yankees finished ninth last season, so what's it all about, Ralphie? Their 1967 road record was the way Yankee-haters in other years always wanted it to be, 29-52, but New York is headed in the right direction even though the fruits of the work probably will not be

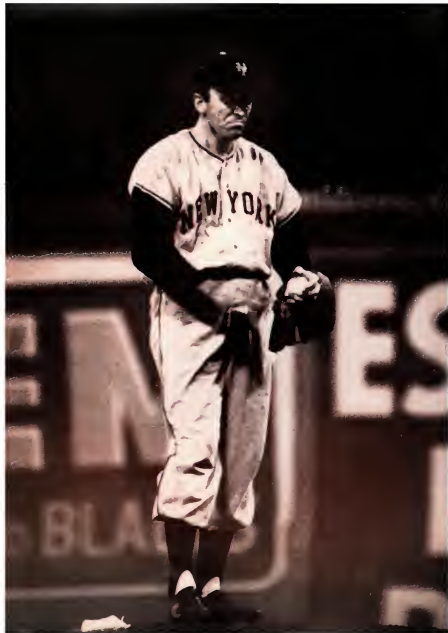


Push a button on the old Yanks and up popped success, now it's maraly some broken springs

seen for a couple of seasons. The tip-off on what kind of year the 1967 Yanks had lies in the fact that Mickey Mantle played in more games (144) than any other Yankee. His batting average was only .245, but he did have 22 homers, 19 of them, however, coming before August.

Manager Ralph Houk's pitching was the fourth best in the league, and any hopes for 1968 center on its being as good again. Jim Bouton had an encouraging spring. He will join Mel Stottlemyre, Bill Monbouquette, Al Downing and Stan Bahnen. Dooley Womack and Steve Hamilton provide a good bullpen, but the club was 10th in the league in fielding last year, and did you ever believe you would see that? Or read about the Yankees last in a scouting report?

END



His appearance was sinister, his brushback pitch more than a warning. Sal Maglie knew his craft as few pitchers ever have. Here he begins his bittersweet memories of a career that spanned outlaw leagues and greatness in the majors as player and embattled coach

# BASEBALL IS A TOUGH BUSINESS

BY SAL MAGLIE AND ROBERT H. BOYLE

On the last day of the World Series I stood in the Red Sox dugout and watched a fine young pitcher become humiliated. Jim Lonborg, who had won two games against the Cardinals, was coming back again with just two days' rest. By the second inning you could see that he didn't have it. There was no reason why he should. He was tired, he was hushed. I turned to Dick Williams, the manager, and said, "He doesn't have it today." I was hoping Williams would take him out of there. I think he owed it to Jim to do that. It was the decent thing to do. Besides, we had 10 other pitchers in the bullpen, and if one of them could hold the Cardinals we might win. You never give up. Lonborg was pitching on guts. But Williams is a peculiar guy. He just said, "Oh, Jim's not getting hit that hard," and that was the end of that. Hard? Even the tail end of the Cardinal batting order was whacking him. Bob Gibson homered off him. Williams finally took Jim out in the sixth, with the Sox behind 7-1.

After the game Jim was in tears in the clubhouse. He was crying his heart out because he thought he had failed the team. He hadn't. I said to him, "Jim, you got nothing to be ashamed of. You brought us here, and you took us this far. You did a hell of a job." I meant it. The kid had been great.

All the while I was thinking how lousy it was for a manager to do that to his ace pitcher. You just don't let a guy who pitched as Lonborg had get pounded like that. I should know. I had pitched. I had been a damn good pitcher, and I was the Red Sox pitching coach. But from the

continued

way Williams treated me, you wouldn't have known I was on the ball club. Why? I don't know. He's a peculiar guy.

Williams had been all right in spring training. I was on the second year of a two-year contract with the Red Sox, and Williams, who had been a utility player in the majors—one of those holler guys in the dugout—was in his first year of managing a big-league club. He told me in camp, "The pitchers are your responsibility. You handle them." Once the season started he never said a thing to me. It was as though I didn't exist. He never asked my advice, he never said a word. It was all very strange. A couple of times I suggested things to him, but all I got were sarcastic answers. He can be a very sarcastic guy.

After the Series was over I went into his office—I had heard rumors I wouldn't be around next year—and he was with some writers. He said, "I'll see you later." He never did. I stayed around Boston for a couple of days, and I heard that all the other coaches had been hired for the next year. I heard nothing about myself until Dick O'Connell, the general manager, called me and said that the Red Sox were going to make a change in pitching coaches. I wasn't needed anymore. Williams could have told me himself straight out. That's what a man does, and I'd have no kick. I don't know his reasons for doing what he did. You'd have to cut open his head to find out. But I know he hurt my chances to coach this season in the majors. By the time I knew I wouldn't be working for Boston the other teams, particularly the ones with new managers, were all set for 1968. For a year—and I hope it is only one—I was out in the cold.

Now being out in the cold is nothing new to me. I played in the Mexican League once, remember? But I had coached for four different Red Sox managers, Billy Jurges, Mike Higgins, Billy Herman and Williams. For a long time the Red Sox were an ensynging group, more or less spoiled, you might say. We had talent, but we were second division. If one guy was a star, he'd take the other kids out and gallivant. The Red Sox were so relaxed that fun-loving types on other teams asked to get traded to them. But that's one great thing Williams did for the team—he told the players they were there to play ball. Part of the trouble was the front office, which didn't cooperate with the manager very

often. Take Herman. He was a good fellow and one of the best *field* managers I ever worked with. But he was either too tough or too easy in handling the players. They were out of hand, and there was nothing he could do about it. He tried to be tough with players like Rico Petrocelli and Tony Conigliaro and that caused a lot of dissension.

Williams had good discipline. He's very good on details. He gambled a lot in his managing. I thought he managed very aggressively in the first half of the season; then he just went by the book, and a couple of times he pressed the panic button. In the last series in Detroit, for example, he had the bases loaded early, but he didn't use a pinch hitter. The ballplayers still did a hell of a job, came through and won that game. Then in the Series, Williams let Longborng take that beating. He acted almost as though he didn't want to win it.

This year the Red Sox don't have a chance. Definitely not. Jerry Adair contributed quite a bit last year, but you can't expect him to have a season like that again. Conigliaro was vital and now he is lost. Mike Andrews did a hell of a job; he wants to win. And I never saw a player who made the effort that Yaz did, but you can't expect him to have the same kind of a year. Petrocelli should improve, and George Scott is a .300 hitter. Dalton Jones is a hell of a batter for 10 games, then he tails off to nothing. He was hot in the Series, but Williams didn't start him in the final game. That was a mistake. Jose Tartabull should have hit against Gibson in the seventh game, but instead Williams played Ken Harrelson, who was a nothing.

But pitching is 90% of winning, and the Red Sox just do not have the pitching this year. Longborng was the best and most feared pitcher in the league because he hit quite a few batters, but he's not going to be ready until May or June. I talked to Jim about not jeopardizing his career. I told him to stay in shape, work out at the Y and look after himself. Then I read about him going skunk. Holy something! Why do players want to go skunk or fiddle with power mowers? It will be tough for him to come back. He injured the left leg, the one he kicks and lands on. He's apt to hurt his arm. He'll probably have to change his style of delivery.

Gary Bell has to change his delivery.

He throws across his body too much, and that's when his curveball hangs inside. Jose Santiago has the same problem. Lee Stange has to have perfect control. He also has to speed up his delivery because he's easy to steal on. The Red Sox got Ray Culp and Duck Ellsworth, but if they had a tough time in the National League things are not going to be any easier in the American. Ken Brett is a very good prospect. He has good temperament. If he doesn't hurt his arm, and he listens, he should be very good. I like him very much, and he's not afraid to throw that breaking stuff when he's behind. Brett needs a lot of work, and maybe he ought to be in the minors another year.

If I have anything about last season to look back upon, it was the help I gave Jim Longborng. He was 10-10 in '66 and then 22-9 in '67, and the reason for the difference was that he kept the ball low and he made the hitters respect him. When I saw Jim last spring I told him he had enough control to come inside on the hitters. He had confidence in himself, and when you have confidence you can move the hitters away from the plate.

Jim hit 19 batters last year. He just was protecting the plate, his bread and butter. No pitcher can allow a batter to dig in on him. Any hitter who hits or fouls off an outside pitch has got to learn he can't stand that close. Making hitters respect you is one of the ways of pitching. Jim learned that.

When I pitched I knew that. Sometimes I'd throw over the hitter's head, but most of the time I'd pick a target just beneath his chin. I wasn't trying to hit him in the chin, because if I wanted to I could do that. I just wanted to move him back from the plate, shake him up. When I was on the mound I was in business. I didn't give a damn if my grandmother was in there.

I started making the hitters respect me when I was playing in the Cuban winter league in 1945. That was a rough league. I pitched for Cienfuegos; and a French-Canadian fellow who played for the Braves, Roland Gladiu, was on the club. He got hit by Herrera, a pitcher for Almdendares, our big rival. Herrera was a lefty who batted righty, and when he came up I got him in the shoulder. So far as I can recall he never pitched after that. I had to protect my team, and I had to protect the plate. This is the way things are in baseball. If some-

*continued*



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one didn't like what I was doing on the mound, he could always get back at me. I wasn't one of those holler guys in the dugout who'd yell and scream at the pitcher because he knew he wouldn't have to go up to hit. Anyone who wanted to get back at me had the chance.

To me, coming inside on a hitter is just as valuable a pitch as a good change-up or a curve low and outside. I remember a doubleheader against the Cards in 1951, when I was on the Giants. Musial went wild against us. In the clubhouse Leo Durocher was furious. "Whatever you guys did today don't do it again!" he screamed. Several weeks later I started against the Cards, and I figured I had better deliver the message to Musial. He was the kind of gentleman who understood. To hit Musial you had to throw the ball two feet inside, and I hit him in the hip. He put the bat down and went to first base and never said a word. You have to respect a gentleman like that. Musial, by the way, was the best hitter I ever pitched against. The best all-around player was Willie Mays, but Joe DiMaggio impressed me, too, from what little I saw of him.

Besides knocking hitters down, I look'd like the kind of fellow who knocks hitters down. They said I looked sinister. There was my dark beard, the whites of my eyeballs, the scowl on my face. I can't help the way I look. That's me. I never shaved before a game because perspiration made my face sensitive.

But the way I looked, the way I pitched, it all helped me. I used everything to advantage. If a hitter was a little edgy, a little cautious when he came up to hit against me, fine. He made my job easier. When a hitter first came up to the plate I'd give him a good long stare in the eyes. If he said anything to me, I might scowl. If he said anything more, I'd give a little laugh, turn my back and look out toward center field while I slowly rubbed up the ball with my hands. While I was rubbing the ball that hitter didn't know what I was thinking. But I had a good idea of what was on his mind.

They said I was mean. I wasn't mean. I was competitive. I played to win. Away from the ball park I was a nice guy. I love working with youngsters. I'm crazy about kids. My wife, Kay, and I adopted two boys. But when I was pitching, well, pitching was my living. That's how I earned the money for my family. Any-

body in another uniform was the enemy, and I was out there to beat the enemy. I usually did. I was Sal the Barber. I shaved the plate and a few hitters, too. To me this is pitching. This is baseball.

Every good ballplayer knows this. I say good ballplayers because there are some who will quit and give up. I never did, even when it was obvious I was beaten. To me, it was an embarrassment to have to be taken out of a game, to wait for the relief pitcher and to walk off the mound alone. But even then I didn't give up. I thought, "Next time, you bastards, you'll be embarrassed."

The worst walk of all was at the Polo Grounds. You had to walk from the mound on out to the clubhouse in center field. Everyone got a good long look at you. I remember one game against the Cubs I think when I was having trouble with my back, and I got racked. I walked off the mound, through the outfield and up the steps to the Giant clubhouse. There was this fan leaning over the railing along the stairs. "Hey, Sal," he says, "can I ask you a question?" I give this fellow a look. What the hell, I figure. "Sure, go ahead," I say. And he says to me, "Sal, what were you throwing up there? Basketballs?" I just had to laugh. Great fans those Giant fans.

In 10 years of pitching in the majors most of the pitches I threw were balls, not strikes. I wouldn't throw a strike unless I had to. Hitters want to swing, and they'll swing at bad balls. Duke Snider was a tremendous hitter for the Dodgers, but I never had any trouble with him. I'd start him off with a low curve in the dirt. He'd swing for strike one. Another low curve, another swing. Strike two. By this time Snider would be so damn tired off he'd swing at anything. He was no trouble, and he could never figure out what was wrong.

When Snider or any other hitter was 0 and 2 I had him. Depending on the situation, I could get him to strike out, pop up or ground out. I worked the hitters. They were the enemy. Once, at an All-Star Game Snider said to me, "Hey, let's have a catch. I want to see what you're throwing to me." I just laughed and walked away. Why the hell should I show him anything? He was a Dodger and I was a Giant. Anyone who had different lettering on his uniform was my enemy. I don't like All-Star Games because it's not good to see players from different clubs talking to one another,

fraternizing. If a player on another club had a wife and eight starving kids or if he was going to get sent down unless he started hitting, I didn't want to know it. There's no friendship in baseball. You're playing for keeps. In the Cuban league there was a husky fellow, built like Roy Campanella, named Robert Estalella. He played in the majors. He used to come up to me before a game with the soft soap. "Oh, Sal, you're a wonderful pitcher. That curveball moves. You're so great." I'd just stare at him. When he came up to the plate I'd come inside and knock him down.

When I was on the mound the only time I'd stare at a hitter was when he stepped into the box. After that I wouldn't look at him. He could distract you. I'd concentrate on the target. Concentration and coordination, that's pitching. I always wanted the catcher to work to the outside of the plate. Westrum was the best catcher who ever caught me. A damn good hitter, too, when he could grip the bat. His hands were messed up a lot because he never quit behind the plate. I know Campy was good, but when I went to the Dodgers later he'd been hurt, and he couldn't move around too well. Westrum was flexible. With Westrum you could bounce the ball. You could do anything. The hitter never knew what was coming.

A good pitcher doesn't throw strikes, not unless he absolutely has to. Good pitchers know how to set up the hitters. They do things that the fans don't see or understand. Whaley Ford was cunning, a pleasure to watch. Joe Horlen of the White Sox is a curve. I like him. Don Drysdale is a good pitcher. Sandy Koufax was I know them as kids. They wanted to learn. Larry Jackson, he isn't afraid to come inside. These are pitchers' pitchers. Some guys just don't want to learn. Sonny Siebert on Cleveland has a lot of stuff, but I hear he's a hard-head. You don't have many fellows who have the idea. I'm familiar with the American League, and out of 90, 100 pitchers, there are maybe 10, 15 or 20 who have an idea of what it's about. The rest don't know or they don't want to know.

Setting up the hitter is a craft, an art. I very good pitcher does it his own way. Let's say I am pitching against a right-handed hitter for the first time. I don't know him, so I'm cautious. I start out by making the first pitch a curveball,

continued

low and inside. Some hitters are fast-ball hitters, like Bob Allison of the Twins, so why throw him a strike? The next pitch may be a curve, low and outside. If the hitter swings at both, I probably have two strikes or he has grounded out. If he doesn't swing, the count is two balls, no strikes. I am behind, but that doesn't worry me. I have control. Most hitters are weak on curveballs, and now I throw curves toward the middle of the plate that break sharply to hit the outside corner. I keep moving the ball around, nicking the corners for strikes. I get the count to 2 and 2. Now I give the hitter a fast one high inside, just enough so that he might go after it. I might strike him out with the pitch. He might be eager to swing. If he doesn't swing the count goes to 3 and 2. But now I've backed him away from the plate, and I know I can get my curveball over the outside corner. Strike three, he's out of there. Send up the next one.

What happens if the hitter smacks one of the low outside curves? The answer is easy. The hitter has no business hitting that ball, and the next pitch he gets from me is sure to straighten him up and stop him from leaning. Actually, I never tried to remember what pitch I used to get a hitter out. I never recalled the weakness, but I remembered the strength, what he hit with authority. Next time around I would try to blank out the hitter's strength, his power.

I remember Goody Rosen hitting a homer off me in 1939. A fastball, low and inside. That helped me later. After that I pitched him away and never had any trouble with him. I recall Ralph Kiner in '50. I threw him three curves for balls, two curves for strikes. Westrum called for a fastball. It seemed right, but Kiner hit it out of the park. So I said to myself, why throw Kiner fastballs? So I threw him curveballs from then on, and he seldom bothered me.

A fastball hitter never got one from me unless I thought the time was ripe. Johnny Logan, who played shortstop for Milwaukee, said to me one day, "Hey, when are you going to throw me the fastball?" I said, "When you show me that you can hit the curve." The next day I was pitching against the Braves when Logan came up. I got two quick strikes on him with the curve, and then I suddenly thought: this is the time. I had a fastball right down the pipe, and Logan was so surprised he was caught looking

at the third strike. "You bastard," he said. I just laughed.

But, except for certain special situations, you don't throw to a hitter's strength. Look at Lou Brock in the Series. He hit like crazy because the Red Sox pitchers threw him strikes. Ask Dick Wilhelm why. He was King Tut. You have to pitch around a hitter like that. Brock doesn't hit that way in the National League. He shouldn't have hit like that in the Series. The Cards almost got wrecked because they didn't pitch around Yaz. They should have been smarter, given him bad balls, but they didn't believe that he was the hitter that he was. He showed them.

I had a long apprenticeship in pitching in the Mexican League, playing out-of-law ball in Canada, all over the place. I really didn't get to become a major league pitcher until I was 33. I pitched a no-hitter when I was 39. But I had self-confidence. That always was my way. People say to me, "Gee, it's too bad you were outlived for four years. What a record you would have had." I think my record is all right as it is—119 wins, 62 losses; that's almost a .700 percentage. Maybe it wouldn't have been as good if I hadn't gone to Mexico.

All my life I've always been competitive. I like to play sports. My father was my No. 1 fan. He was from Foggia in Italy. He had a grocery store in Niagara Falls, where I was born on April 26, 1917. I was the only boy. I had two sisters. I went to the Thirteenth Street School, then South Junior High and Niagara Falls High School. There were all sorts of people in the neighborhood—Italians, Poles, Jews. Every boy came from a home where his parents wanted him to make good. Doctors, dentists, boys' club officials came from that neighborhood. The competition was tough, but it wasn't between nationalities. One year I pitched, played first base and the outfield for a mostly Polish team. I was always playing, and if I had no one to play with I'd throw rocks in the Niagara River behind the power plant. My mother worried because she thought I played too much. After supper I'd get up from the table and go to the front door. I'd stop, and if I heard my parents talking I knew I was safe and I'd sneak out. Or I'd go into the bathroom and climb out the window. My father got me a job with a barber, Frank Domonic. I was supposed to clean the

chrome around the windows. I went there once, went out the back and through the alley and never came back.

I'll play almost any game. They used to bar me from throwing balls at dolls in carnivals in Niagara Falls. You could blindfold me now and I could throw a strike. I've always loved basketball. One New Year's Day there was a basketball game. The guys were short a player, so I left the table to play. My wife didn't talk to me for a few days. I set the local record for scoring in the Muni League—61 points in a game—and that was with eight-minute quarters. After high school I had a basketball scholarship to Niagara University. The coach, Taps Gallagher, wanted me, but my family needed help, and I went to work in the shipping department at Union Carbide, where my father had a job.

I played semipro baseball. I remember I pitched a game against the great Negro team, the Homestead Grays. Josh Gibson, the catcher, hit a homer off me in that game. Before the game he said he was going to do that. I guarantee that later on when I knew more about pitching he would have been in the dirt. Later on I pitched for a semipro team against the Kansas City Monarchs, and I beat Satchel Paige 1-0. He said, "That guy should be in the majors."

But I never really thought about the major leagues. I just liked to play baseball. There was one time in Lockport, N.Y., when I was scouted in a semipro game by a very humorous guy, Darb Whalen, who, I think, was bird-dogging for the Dodgers. After the game he said to me, "Kid, you going to school?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Keep going."

In 1937 I won 17 or 18 games playing semipro. Buffalo of the International League scouted me, and I signed with the team in 1938. Steve O'Neill was the manager. He was like a father to me. I had never seen a pro game. I knew nothing. In my first relief job I headed straight for the mound without warming up. That's how little I knew. O'Neill told me to go to the bullpen first.

That game was against Newark, a tremendous club, with Buddy Rosar, Merrill May, Charlie Keller and Mike Chartak. They were averaging around .350, and when I went in they had the bases loaded. They didn't hit me. I walked them all, except one I hit in the rear. I had a big curveball then, but after four or five innings they would get to me. It

was inexperience. I lost two games in one day against Baltimore.

In 1940 I went down to Jamestown in the Pony League. I asked to be sent there because I wasn't getting enough action with Buffalo. I was 3 and 4 with Jamestown, and the next year at Elmira I was 20 and 15. I got confidence from working. In professional ball you don't get anywhere unless you work.

From the start I pitched with my foot on the right side of the rubber. You'll see pitchers working off the middle of the rubber, but if you're a righthander and work off the right side the ball comes in to the hitter on an angle and the pitch is that much harder for him to pick up. To make it even harder, I held the ball in the glove as I was winding up, and I pitched right out of my uniform. I cut out a lot of waste motion. A pitcher has to throw about 130 pitches a game. If he stretches between pitches, if he bends over and straightens his shoulders, well, he's pitching the same game twice. He's going to get tired. I also learned to pace myself. If I was ahead four-nothing, I could take a little off the pitch. Then if they started to hit me, I could reach back for strength and get out of the situation.

In the dugout I always had my head in the game. I watched the hitters. I watched the pitchers. There is always something to learn. When I was with the Giants in '31 I saw that I could tell when Billy Loes was throwing his fastball or his curve. He kept the ball concealed, but when he was winding up for the curve he brought the glove past the top of his cap. For the fastball he brought the glove to the ball. That helped us beat the Dodgers. Before one series Charlie Dresen complained to the papers that the Dodgers weren't taking enough pitches. I read that and popped strikes on them. Later on, when I was with the Dodgers, I caught the signs that Birdie Tebbetts was giving to the Cincinnati pitcher. It wasn't Tebbetts really, but a player standing next to him in the dugout who would relay the signs. That happened for one series, and then Tebbetts changed the signs.

I never used a spitter, although I was accused of it. I just had a terrific curveball that could break three different ways. If I had used the spitter, I'd admit it now. I have no secrets. Actually, not every pitcher can throw the spitter. It just doesn't work for them. Others use

—Continued

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## SAL MAGLIE continued

it a lot. Jack Hamilton of the Angels throws a spitter three-quarters of the time. In fact, the ball he hit Conigliaro with last year was a spitter. The trouble with the spitter is that you don't know when which way it's going to break.

I suppose people thought I was throwing a spitter when they saw me putting my fingers to my mouth. That's easy to explain. Before I pitched I'd coat my hand with a mixture of resin and a little olive oil to make my hand tacky. I wanted to hold onto the ball as long as possible for some pitches. How long I held the ball determined how my curve would break. In the course of the game my hand would tend to get stiff from the cakey resin, and to keep my fingers limber I'd moisten them with my tongue. Then I'd dry them off on my shirt by drawing my fingers across the letters. All this was legal. As a matter of fact, I didn't like having to lick the fingers, because the smell of the resin made me want to gag. On the Giants, a couple of times when I started gagging, Eddie Stanky ran over from second and asked, "What's the matter? Starting to choke up?" Eddie's a joker. I took care of him later when he was on the Cards.

In the fall of 1941 the Giants drafted me and sent me to Jersey City the next spring. There I was having a good year. I was 6 and 0 in relief, then started a few and wound up 9 and 6. The war was on, but I had a sinus condition and wasn't drafted. I gave up pro ball in '43 and '44 to work in a defense plant as a pipe fitter. In the summer I played ball for a paper company, mostly against Canadian amateurs. In 1945 I went back to Jersey City. The Giants called me up that year, and I won five and lost four. One of my losses was in relief to Brooklyn. I walked Stanky and Augie Galan, and Dixie Walker got a hit but beat me. For some reason that made me resent the Dodgers. All the time I pitched for the Giants I hated the Dodgers. Three of my wins for the Giants were shut-outs, but everyone said, "Oh, well, this is a war year." They sort of wrote me off as a wartime ballplayer. They were wrong. My career was just beginning.

## NEXT WEEK

*Maglie tells of the Mexico caper, another ball and the glorious Giant-Dodger days*



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The intrusive priorities of school work, pro contracts, tired bones and a threatened boycott having taken their toll, the U.S. Olympic basketball trials finally reached the showdown stage last week with barely enough candidates for a fast break in a broom closet.

True enough, the Olympic Committee had coaxed and cajoled sufficient players into coming to Albuquerque for the tournament—88 warm bodies spread among eight teams (four from the NCAA, one from the AAU, one from the Armed Forces, one from the NAIA and one from the junior colleges) showed up for the three days and nights of play. But most of the interest centered around those who didn't appear.

The Big E had taken money (to sign a contract with the San Diego Rockets), Big Lew had taken a stand (he admits his decision included implicit approval of the boycott) and many others had just taken a powder of undetermined origin. In addition to Houston's Hayes and UCLA's Alcindor, among the missing were Louisville's Westley Unseld, who said he was tired, Dayton's Don May, who said he was exhausted, and North Carolina's Larry Miller, who said he was injured. Some, by sheer silence coupled with their absence, seemed to be saying best wishes, Olympics, but drop dead.

"We sat down the other day and figured it out," said Pete Newell, coach of the 1960 Olympic team and a member of the selection committee. "We've lost 20 to 25 of the country's top college players, including the six best centers."

Since a great majority of the absentees were seniors interested in a professional basketball career, it was thought

that fine old standard, money, was rearing its ugly head again. Harsh as the judgment may seem, some players obviously were passing up the old red, white and blue for some long green. Olympic Coach Henry Iba went so far as to call the dropouts "bad citizens."

However, the NCAA powers-that-be were not escaping criticism either. Some college coaches, renewing an old argument, suggested that the trials were ill-timed and should be held in late summer when the players would be fresher, more enthusiastic and would not have to miss classes. But Newell, for one, was not sympathetic to this reasoning.

"How can we have trials in the summer when nobody's in shape?" he said. "The players would come in, after that long layoff, and get blisters, sore muscles and everything else. We couldn't judge them. I should think that schools would want to contribute to a national effort like this by making arrangements to help boys with their studies."

"I have been associated with four Olympic teams in the past, and nobody ever moaned about being tired and nobody lost out on any pro contracts because of injury. But I can't be critical of these kids. I just feel sorry for them. As a matter for posterity, saying in the Olympics is the greatest experience a basketball player could possibly have, and these boys will never know the great feeling that comes from representing this country against foreign teams."

He was, of course, repeating the sentiments once expressed by such past Olympians as Bill Russell, Jerry Lucas, Jerry West, Oscar Robertson and Bill Bradley. Most of the officials passed over

## The team that went over the hill

**The Olympic Trials were chiefly distinguished by the absence of 20 of our best college players**

the proposed boycott as just another flimsy excuse for those players who didn't want to come, but the name and speaker of Harry Edwards, the leader of the Olympic boycott, continued to hang heavy over the proceedings. Edwards, who had announced he would "talk to these black brothers and try to make them see the light," did pop in and out of Albuquerque a couple of times during the weekend to change planes between speaking engagements in El Paso and Santa Fe. But if he made any contact with the 44 Negroes at the trials, or if Martin Luther King's assassination and the attendant riots caused them any concern, no one was talking about it.

Charlie Scott and Jo Jo White, whose standout play was rewarded by their selections to the Olympic team, both expressed discontent with the boycott.

"As far as I'm concerned, there is no boycott yet," said Scott. "I don't believe this is the proper means of protest, and I want to play. If the boycott does come about and it's total, well, I'm not going to be the only Negro out there. I'll go along with them. But if it's scattered, my choice is to play."

Jo Jo labeled it an individual matter. "I make up my own mind, and I've decided to play," he said. "I don't care if I'm the only one. They can go ahead and boycott, I'm playing."

After the first day of the tournament all four NCAA teams had been beaten, and it was sadly evident that the dregs of the college stars, many of whom had



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#### BASKETBALL *continued*

been hit by a flu bug, could not compete on even terms and under strange international rules (which put a premium on strength and roughness) with the more experienced AAU and Armed Forces teams. Aside from wondering about who was impressing the committee, only three questions remained: Would the junior college kids destroy the world? Would anybody come to watch? Would Pete Maravich get in a game?

The strong and explosive junior college players, appearing for the first time in the trials, were the surprise of the weekend, at least to many outside the cloistered world of those two-year institutions where the number 1-6 is listed only in the turnovers column.

The Jucos boasted the outstanding center of the tournament in 18-year-old Spencer Haywood of Trinidad State in Colorado. At 6' 8", 225 pounds and possessing four-jointed fingers, Spencer is still a baby, but he and his mates provided the only excitement in an otherwise listless three days of basketball. Still, they weren't enough by themselves to bring out the crowds. The afternoon sessions averaged 582 spectators while the evening games drew a little over 1,200 to the 14,800-seat University Arena. Clearly, the populace of Albuquerque preferred watching desert rabbits eat sand to Olympic trials.

Even if they had come, of course, they wouldn't have seen much of LSU's Maravich, the nation's leading collegiate scorer who, because of an unfortunate personality clash with his coach, John Bach, rode the bench for most of the games. With few exceptions, the supposed bumper crop of good NCAA sophomores turned out to be not much more than unripened lemons. Rick Mount of Purdue and Niagara's Calvin Murphy appeared woefully inexperienced in their floor games. Maravich couldn't shoot, and all played poorly, though Mount and Murphy at least had a fair chance to show what they could or could not do. Mount, in fact, won an alternate berth on the strength of his shooting, while another sophomore, Dan Issel of Kentucky, also was an alternate choice. But North Carolina's Scott, who proved the most versatile and spectacular player of the trials, really saved the day for the sophomore class.

The selection committee, lacking enough good big men, went heavily for backcourt players, choosing five guards,

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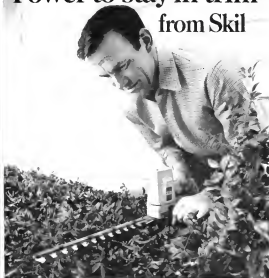
not counting swingman Scott Jo Jo White will blend in well with 6' 2" Mike Barrett and 6' 4" John Clawson of the Armed Forces, both experienced in international play, and 6' 1" Cal Fowler of the AAU, who played alongside White in the Pan-American games last year. The latter two will be the defensive guards and direct the offense while Barrett and Glynn Saulsberry, a surprising and perhaps unfortunate choice over his NAIA teammate, little Dwight Durante, will do the shooting. The U.S. will miss Alcindor, Unseld and Hayes the most, along the front line the team is neither as deep nor as talented as in the backcourt. The NAIA's Don Dee and Bill Hosket of the NCAA are strong 6' 7" forwards who hit and hustle the boards and like to go outside for their shots. Neither is an outstanding jumper, but Hosket blocks out well and plays good defense. Neither Mike Silliman, the 6' 6" former Army star, nor 6' 8" Jim King of the AAU were exceptional, but both were selected anyway on their defense, rebounding and ability to play both center and forward. Ken Spain, Houston's forgotten man, is Haywood's backup at center and, though his shooting and defensive credentials are suspect, he made the least mistakes of a wholly unsatisfactory group of centers.

In fact, there was much about these trials—including the performances, the setting, the crowds, the racial overtones and the mess politics—that was unsatisfactory. Rumors abounded that the committee was being pressured to choose a racially balanced team (for those who are keeping score, five members of the 12-man team and three of the six alternates are Negroes) and that a few of the candidates were just along for the ride. If selected, they would refuse to play in order to become professionals immediately. Groundless or not, the talk undoubtedly deprived the NAIA's Charles Paulk of his rightful place on the team. Paulk, the first draft choice of the new NBA franchise in Milwaukee, was a fine all-round performer but he was selected only as an alternate.

As a result of all the furor at Albuquerque, the U.S. team is weak, probably weaker than it has been in two decades. And Henry Iba knows that up front, where an Olympic championship will be won or lost against the big Russian and Yugoslavian teams, he has problems.

END

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## In case of a tie, a vote for Russian roulette

If this week's Masters produces no winner after 72 holes, sport's most anticlimactic event will occur on Monday—the 18-hole playoff. A change to sudden death on Sunday would make a more exciting show

The scene is a major national golf championship in the final moments of the closing round. The pairing of Arnold Palmer and Al Geiberger is just putting out on the 17th hole. On the fairway behind them, waiting to hit their second shots, are Billy Casper and Ray Floyd. Walking to the 17th tee and about to drive are Jack Nicklaus and Dave Marr. Coming up to the 16th green are Bobby Nichols and Tony Jacklin. A few members of the huge gallery are now and then able to catch fleeting glimpses of the eight players, all of whom are tied for the lead. The long pageant of golf has never produced quite so thrilling a finish. An eight-way playoff is in the making.

On the terrace of the clubhouse an anxious little hive of tournament officials is nervously watching the leader board. As the standings of the players are posted hole after hole, one official or another will raise his eyes heavenward in supplication. Silently the words run through his mind as if on a TelePrompTer. "Please, God," the words say, "let there be no tie. Please, Lord, let there be no playoff. We beseech thee, oh Lord, let one of these fellows—we don't care which one—but let one of them get some birdies or something and win it now so we won't have to have an 18-hole playoff tomorrow."

In the press tent a few dozen yards away several hundred of the world's most famous golf writers are glumly watching the action on television. Each is mentally preparing a lead paragraph that will assure his report of this historic tournament a permanent home in some anthology of the world's great sports stories. Every 20 seconds or so, as the excitement on the golf course is interrupted for a minute or two of commercials, these illustrious personalities of journalism also cast their eyes heavenward, and much the same prayer passes through their minds. "Please, God, let

there be no tie. Please, Lord, no playoff tomorrow."

As officials, press, players and even the most insatiable fans know, there is no atmosphere in sport quite so deadening and anticlimactic as that which hangs over a golf course on the day of a playoff. The clubhouse and grounds, so vital and festive the day before with the flags flying and the landscape ablaze with the color and bustle of the gallery, looks like an abandoned junkyard with a few sportily dressed derelicts wandering among the refuse. Crumpled paper cups, empty beer cans, sandwich wrappers and the rest of the American public's wake

decorate what was once a lovely green countryside. Children in hot pursuit of one another somehow predominate, while disconsolate officials and other involved parties who had fully expected to be elsewhere stand around in unhappy knots discussing their woes. The players involved in the playoff must dress for the occasion in a darkened and lonely locker room, which only 24 hours earlier had reverberated with the animated chatter of contestants. Outside, a desperate hunt for something to eat or drink is to no avail, for the concessionaires have folded their tents and moved elsewhere.



IN 1959 OPEN PLAYOFF, JONES (LEFT) BEAT ESPINOSA BY A NO-HUN 23 STROKES

And yet, based on the last six years, the odds are that either this week's Masters or the U.S. Open in June will end up in a tie and require an 18-hole playoff. There have been six Masters-Open playoffs during this period, and one must go all the way back to the Palmer-Player-Finsterwald match at the Masters in 1962 to find one that held any real suspense. That was the time Palmer swiftly erased Player's three-stroke lead in a matter of minutes on the 10th through the 12th holes, but after that the game was over. The other five playoffs dissolved into boredom well before the end for all except the players themselves and sometimes even for them. The three-way Masters playoff between Nicklaus, Tommy Jacobs and Gay Brewer in 1966 took more than five hours to complete, finishing in almost total darkness with the contestants in a semicomatose state. No wonder Nicklaus observed recently, "To me [the 18-hole playoff] comes as an anticlimax. You key yourself up to go four rounds, and there's a letdown if the tournament goes an extra day."

The 18-hole playoff was the logical child of a gentler, more relaxed era when golf was still a pastime instead of a multimillion-dollar business. In those carefree, bygone days at Augusta, Brookline, Cleveland, Philadelphia and points east or west, everyone arrived by train or car and allowed a day or two or three for travel at both ends of the tournament. A lost day here or there was a little extra time for pleasures and good fellowship. It was only fair and natural to play off a tie over the full 18-hole course or even twice around the course for 36 holes. Even then the added day of golf lacked dramatic appeal. One such interminably boring playoff saw Bobby Jones crush Al Espinosa by 23 strokes in 1929.

Today, with TV schedules, business appointments, airplane reservations and the other adjuncts of modern living knocked askew by the additional day of golf, there is no estimating the cost to all concerned in both dollars and frazzled nerves. Take, as a small example, the problem of the airlines. Suddenly, around 6 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, the Eastern Airlines switchboard lights up as it begins getting calls that virtually wipe out the entire passenger list of a DC-8 as some 80 TV personnel, several dozen sportswriters and a

continued

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## GOLF continued

payload of officials cancel out. Everyone then races back to his motel to get a room for the night only to find that a convention of the Amalgamated Steamfitters has taken over the entire place. The next day appointments from New York to San Francisco are canceled, a supermarket must open without the presence of Arnold Palmer, and an exhibition golf match to aid cerebral palsy must be called off in Tuscaloosa because one of the players must remain for the playoff. At a cost of some \$40,000, poor old TV must preempt a couple of those stirring late afternoon movies, although by now the networks have learned to presell as much of the playoff time as possible, just in case.

The solution, of course, is sudden death, an extra hole or two or whatever it takes to break the tie. For several years now, the PGA has substituted sudden death for 18-hole playoffs in its weekly tournaments. Sudden death, while not without occasional hitches, seems the only sensible solution compatible with the breakneck tempo of our lives.

Musing on the subject recently, Frank Cherkman, who is the Arnold Palmer of golf's TV producers, observed, "With a sudden-death playoff you get an equally exciting tournament all the way through. It is just a 73- or 74-hole tournament instead of 72 . . . I don't feel it is fair to forget the television spectator who can't see the televised playoff on Monday any more than it is fair for the gallery spectator, the guy who has bought a season ticket, who works on Monday, not to see the ultimate finish of the tournament."

The only serious objection to sudden death is that the first or second extra hole could give one of the players a slight advantage, as happened at Palm Springs this year. Palmer, who holds the lifetime record for playoffs with 22 (13 victories, nine losses, including three losses in the last six U.S. Opens), firmed the Bob Hope in a tie with Deane Beman. The second playoff hole—the 16th—was a 435-yard par-4. Palmer, with his power, was able to reach the green with a drive and a five-iron. Beman, a short hitter, needed a four-wood for his second shot. He bogeyed the hole and lost the match.

In this country today only the Masters, the U.S. Open and the PGA Championship cling doggedly to the 18-hole

# I like it because it's Riegel

playoff, and it is high time that even these three most important events on the calendar examine whether or not that extra day of golf has become an anachronism. Joseph C. Dey Jr., of the USGA, put the whole case succinctly when he said, "It is really a matter of what is the fairest test of golf for the players. The 18-hole playoff has certainly become a terrible imposition on a lot of people these days, but the most important consideration is the players."

Modern golf's three leading money winners and, not coincidentally, those with the largest number of playoffs under their belts—Palmer with his 22, Casper with eight and Nicklaus with seven—are not yet ready for a change.

"I think it's essential that we continue the 18-hole playoffs for the major championships," Palmer has said. "The sudden-death playoff isn't fair to the loser; there are too many freak circumstances. The 18-hole playoff gives a player the opportunity to show his wares, though it isn't all that conclusive, either."

Casper agrees. "We have a much truer test of championship golf with an 18-hole playoff," he observes. "I've won and lost both ways. Sometimes it goes for you, other times it goes against you. But too often in sudden death you'll see a player win with a long putt or a chip-in." Obviously, his recent loss to Johnny Pott's chip-in on the first extra hole of sudden death at the Crosby was fresh in his mind.

Nicklaus, too, goes along. "For a major title," he says, "I feel that most players want an 18-hole playoff. It gives them a fair go at it and reduces the element of luck. I'd hate to see the format changed."

But a shadow of doubt is creeping up, and it grows as the golfing audience grows. "It has to be more exciting," Cherkinian says, "to know that no player can afford to make a mistake, which is the way it should be. And for the most part, the better player will survive sudden death because of the superiority of his determination, skill and courage. It all boils down to maintaining dramatic impetus, something that golf by its nature often doesn't possess. It can be dull, but when it's exciting, nothing is as exciting."

Nothing in sport, certainly is much more exciting than a sudden-death playoff.



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## The cocktail-class jump-off

**An effort to stir up interest in one of the season's earliest shows led to some stern logistic problems and a stimulating 18-horse contest**

It all started over a three-martini lunch as Jim Madcap, co-chairman of the San Antonio Charity Horse Show, and Colonel John Russell were searching for a crowd puller for this year's event. Somewhere among the drinks, Russell remembered that once he had ridden in a high jump in Aachen, Germany and had gone over seven feet to an enthusiastic reaction from the audience. Why not try the same class in Texas? Sure, pal, why not?—and that's just what they did. It was easily the show's most exciting event.

Madcap thought it was such a grand idea that he was willing to put up a grand for anyone breaking the national high-jump record. In fact, the show put up two grand: \$1,000 for the lady topping the present mark of 7' 3" set by Kathy Kusner on Tommy Jones's Freckles at Upperville, Va. in 1958, and another \$1,000 for the rider, man or

woman, who could break the 8' 13 1/2" record set by Jack Peabody's Great Heart in 1923 in Chicago.

The high jump appears infrequently on U.S. show programs. It differs from the Pussance, which includes a vertical wall and a broad jump, in that it is scored like a high jump at a track meet. There is one fence, a slanting obstacle of poles with wings that act like a chute, and each horse gets three tries at each height until he is eliminated.

Few shows, of course, have that type of fence ready for use, so Russell's three-

martini idea sent everyone off to the drawing board and then to the carpenters. The angles of the fence were worked out from the international rule book, and calls were made to the American Horse Shows Association in New York for proper specifications, which included bamboo poles wrapped in rope. Then came a nasty hitch, no bamboo of the specified size could be found in the U.S. At last some was located in Panama and arrangements were made to fly it up. The plane arrived in San Antonio, but the bamboo never did—that's right,

*continued*



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### HORSE SHOWS *continued*

just the way they lost your luggage last time. So wooden poles were tested, but when a horse took off wrong and belly flopped into the middle, broken timber flew to all points of the compass. At the present price of poles (about \$5 each), that began to get expensive. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world on the horses either.

Finally, Russell had the idea of using plastic pipe stuffed with wood at each end for firmness. It was something new for the horse-show ring, but New York gave its O.K. and, about \$800 later (not counting the plane trip for the elusive bamboo), the high jump was completed.

A good audience was on hand the night of the event, and so were plenty of competitors. Eighteen horses started, ridden by professionals, amateurs and youngsters barely in their teens. Still, the awards for record breakers looked so safe that Midcap hadn't even bothered to raise the cash.

The jumping started at 5' 6", where all but two were successful, and when the height was raised to six feet only two more were eliminated. But the 6' 6" fence, with its widening angle, took a heavier toll. Bob Beck, wearing a pink hunt coat and a white crash helmet, and looking like a lost astronaut, dropped out when the Modern Pentathlon Team's Sabre couldn't blast off. A teammate voluntarily withdrew and four of the junior riders and two on open horses also fell by the wayside.

That left six horses to face seven feet—three ridden by men and three by women. Teen-ager Cathy Browne on The Intruder, a gelding who had cleared every height on his first try, Teet Mallard and Jet Glory, who had done the same, and Mrs. Carter Christie on Take Ten represented the female side, and Midcap was hoping hard that at least one of the \$1,000 prizes was going to be claimed. He didn't have to worry about collecting it, either. Several people in adjoining boxes, carried away by the excitement, were volunteering to write checks, then and there. "We want to give away that money," Midcap exclaimed. "It would be the best thing that could happen to the show. There's been so much interest—why I even got a call from a lady in California who wanted me to know that Freckles was living there now and doing fine."

Freckles can go on relaxing. The ladies came very close, particularly young



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Cathy Browne, but not close enough, and the half-Connemara pony, El Gato, was also eliminated. Only the Tidewater Farm's Norwich, with former U.S.E.T. member Bill Robertson aboard, and Sally Ann Dyer's Dear Brutus, with Jerry Castleman in the saddle, cleared seven feet. Dear Brutus, who recently changed hands, had set a Madison Square Garden record in the Puissance last fall at 7' 3" but was obviously missing his old rider. Even so, as the fence was raised to 7' 6", everyone rooted for him to make it and thus tie the indoor record set by Going Up with Freddie Wessach.

But the extra six inches were too much. Dear Brutus failed, and so did Norwich. On the scoring system of points awarded for the least number of tries, Dear Brutus was declared the high-jump winner at seven feet, which set no records but is still an impressive height. While Dear Brutus was collecting his trophy and the comparatively paltry first-prize money of \$45 for an event that lasted an hour and 20 minutes, Russell and Midcap were having different views about next year's event.

"The high jump is a class that defeats a horse," said Russell. "You go and go until you get licked. I don't know about next year." But Midcap was enthusiastic. He was thinking about eliminations to cut down the excessive watching time for spectators and, more important, to weed out the chancier horses before someone was hurt. Most interesting of all for the competitors, he was also talking about more money, some decent prizes for the class itself, no matter what height is achieved. In the full flush of near-success, he mentioned increasing the award for new records to \$5,000.

While Midcap worried about his three-martini class, Co-chairman Lafayette Ward, just out of the hospital, fretted about the saddle-horse division. As usual, it was sparsely filled. The Ward-owned chestnut mare Anne Marie, with Art Simmons aboard, became three-gated champion for the second year in a row, and the Simmons-trained fire harness horse City Hall, with owner Mrs. E. H. Green at the reins, achieved the same distinction. Mrs. Green, possibly the most glamorous grandmother since Marlene Dietrich, had another stake winner in Spirit of '76, whom she bought just three weeks before the show. He took the five-gated title.

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## The Whodunit That Inspired a Career of Spying

BY MARGARET MILLAR



It was the beginning of summer and I was approaching a corner in my life. I did not know that it was waiting for me, let alone that it would be of great significance; and when I turned it, there was no artillery salute, no bands played, no thunder rolled. The only sound was a quick, light tapping that seemed to be coming from the enclosed lanai on the lower floor. I was upstairs in the living room reading a book in an attempt to relax. My husband had left Santa Barbara that morning on a trip to Mexico, and I was already regretting my decision not to accompany him.

There was no one else in the house, yet the tapping continued. The dogs were lying beside my chair, not to indicate their devotion so much as to make sure I didn't go anywhere without them. Nor-

mally they barked at the drop of a decibel half a mile away, but they didn't stir until I reminded them sharply that they were supposed to be watchdogs. Then, responding to my tone, they started tearing up and down the room in a loud and disorganized demonstration of watchdoggedness.

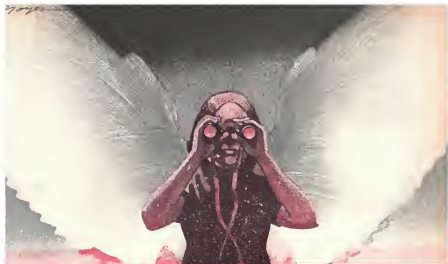
I went downstairs, the dogs at my heels. The rooms—lanai and storage room, piano alcove, my husband's study and bath—were empty, as expected, and outside there was nothing unusual—no curious child from one of the houses across the canyon, no lost dog or stray-ing cat. As I started back upstairs I heard the tapping again. This time it was closer and I could tell exactly where it was coming from—the window of the bath between my bedroom and my office. The new development wasn't exactly reassuring since that particular window was

15 feet from the ground. Vague, fearful thoughts went through my mind, of ghosts and hauntings and Harry Houdini, who had vowed to come back from the dead and make himself known.

The ghostly noise stopped when darkness fell, and I heard nothing more until the following morning shortly after dawn. Once more I searched the house, upstairs and down, inside and out, and found nothing out of the ordinary. But I had no sooner gone out to the kitchen to make breakfast when the tapping started again from one of the east windows of the lanai.

I was finishing breakfast when Berntha Blomstrand, who'd recently built a house across the road, phoned to ask if I was awake enough to come over and see something peculiar. She advised me to make as little noise as possible, which, translated bluntly, meant that *continued*

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whatever you do, leave the dogs at home

Bertha was waiting for me at the front door. She motioned me to be silent, then led me through the house to a window which looked out on the driveway, where her car was parked. It was a small foreign model, so common it could be seen on any street at any time. The only unusual thing about it was the left rear hubcap, which was being vigorously attacked by a brown bird. The bird would fling himself at the hubcap, beat it with his wings and peck it with such force that we could hear the sound clearly through the closed window. This was not love. This was war. The chrome of the hubcap showed the bird a mortal enemy.

Thus the source of the tapping on my windows was discovered, and it was not a mysterious Houdini whodunit. It was a little brown bird who acquired a name before he even had an identity—Houdunit.

I went back home, relieved that the culprit was nothing more formidable, yet curiously unsatisfied. What species did he belong to? Had he engaged in previous fights with his enemy on the left rear hubcap of Bertha's car and in the window of the lanai and of the upstairs bedrooms? And why only this one hubcap out of four, these two windows out of many?

I had come to the corner, and only one step was necessary to take me around it. The step seemed a very small one: later in the morning, when I went to the supermarket for groceries, I bought a 39¢ box of parakeet seed.

The first customer for the parakeet seed was Houdunit—or his brother, sister, cousin, aunt—followed a few minutes later by a small, energetic brownish bird with striped underparts. It was promptly joined by another bird of the same size, shape and behavior but with a red breast and face. In spite of the difference in coloration they were obviously a pair. From their quick discovery of the food and their unhesitating descent on it, it also seemed obvious that they were a part of the neighborhood, a bright, lively, tuneful part. Yet I had never seen or heard them before. They

might as well have been silent creatures of the darkest night. How could I have missed them? This theme is a recurrent one among bird watchers. To the uneducated eye, as to the incurious mind, much of the world is in darkness, and a thousand songs are lost on the unlistening ear.

That afternoon, for the first time in years, I went to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. There in Bird

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



*Margaret Miller, a past president of the Mystery Writers of America and winner of its esteemed Edgar Allan Poe award, is best known for her suspense fiction. The wife of author Ken Miller—whose pen name is Ross Macdonald—she published 19 novels before just completing her first nonfiction work, *The Birds and the Beasts Were There* (Random House).*

Hall I found drah replicas of the birds I'd seen on the ledge—a brown towhee and a male and a female house finch. As I left, I paused to read the information sheet in the display case near the door. It stated that all of the birds inside were from Santa Barbara County, and there were 400 of them.

I had 39¢ to go.

On the way home from Bird Hall that afternoon I stopped downtown and blew the rest of the month's expense money on a pair of binoculars, a copy of Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to Western Birds* and a *Handbook of California*

birds by Brown and Weston. Thus equipped, I confidently expected to spend the balance of the day beside the window identifying all the birds that passed my way or stopped to eat.

My confidence was ill timed and misplaced. There were a lot of birds, certainly, but they were extremely uncooperative, and so were the binoculars. When I was lucky enough to spot a bird quietly perched on a branch, I had to get the binoculars focused on it and adjusted to my eyes, then I had to go through all the illustrations in the *Field Guide* and the *Handbook* until I came to a picture that resembled what I'd seen. At this point I invariably discovered that my initial study of the bird hadn't been thorough enough and that I needed another look at it. By the time the binoculars and I were prepared for another look, the bird was halfway to Los Angeles, and I was left gnashing my teeth and suffering from dizziness and a severe headache.

And so began my initial week of bird watching. While my husband was in Mexico, I entered an ever more foreign and more fascinating world. The field guides were never closed, the binoculars never returned to their case. Letters from Ken arrived with exotic postmarks and I would just be sitting down to answer them when some bird would fly past the window and I'd be off, perhaps going only as far as the porch or the driveway, perhaps completely around the block in urgent pursuit of my unidentified quarry.

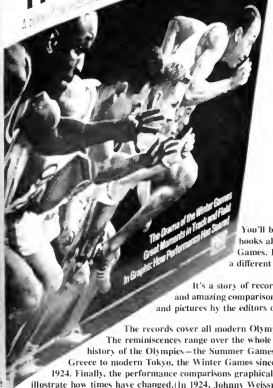
Ten days after Houdunit and I met beside the hubcap, my husband returned from Mexico. His plane, delayed by fog, didn't land until nearly midnight, so that it was too late for me to explain the considerable changes which had taken place in our household during his absence: the doughnuts, for example, that I was now hanging from the branches, the honey pots for hummingbirds, the grapes (I had wanted cherries but had none) spread invitingly on the porch. Perhaps the most important change was my enrollment at the University of California at Santa Barbara for a two-week field



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course in bird identification. Registration and orientation had taken place the previous day at the Museum of Natural History, whose ornithologist, Egmont Rett, was our instructor. The first class was to meet at 7:30 the next morning at Goleta Slough, an area of tidal mud flats and shallow ponds and inlets.

I got up at 5 a.m. with the idea of doing some observing before the others arrived. I hadn't yet tried to identify any shore birds. I only knew, from reading the Peterson guide, that they weren't going to be easy.

I fed the dogs, and then, over a cup of hot tea, I wrote a note to leave for my husband:

Dear Ken:

Come to class, will be back sometime this afternoon. Don't eat the grapes in refrigerator or the doughnuts in bread box.

Leave living room drapes closed at front and open beside my chair. Go very slowly past this window or else crawl past so you won't disturb them.

Love,  
MM

Birds had so quickly and easily become an integral part of my life that it simply didn't occur to me that Ken might wonder what the class was about, why the grapes and doughnuts were out of bounds and who "them" referred to. (He told me later he wondered a great deal when he read my message, not about grapes or doughnuts, but about marbles and whether some of mine had been lost.)

To me it was the beginning of a new way of life. As I backed the car out the driveway I felt curious and excited and a little nervous. It was like being 18 again, on my way to my first class in Greek.

I did indeed arrive early at Goleta Slough, but to little purpose, for the varieties of gulls, herons and egrets were quite bewildering. I was busy admiring one of the few birds I could identify, a black-necked stilt, when a car drove up and parked beside the bridge where I

was standing and a small slender man stepped out. I recognized Mr. Rett, the instructor, but he didn't recognize me and I hardly expected him to—at least 30 people had signed up for the class the previous day, all but two of them women.

Mr. Rett, too, focused his binoculars on the stilt. Neither of us said anything. Watching the stilt together seemed the only form of communication necessary. When Mr. Rett finally spoke it was not to me in my language, but to the stilt in his: "Key up, key up, key up."

The startled bird flew above our heads and hovered for a moment with his legs dangling like strands of pink rope frayed at the end to form a foot and knotted in the middle to simulate a knee, then with one final cry, he set off over the bridge toward the other end of the slough. It was only after he had landed out of our sight that Mr. Rett turned to me.

"Are you in my class?"

"Yes," I told him my name.

"Margaret Millar," he repeated, watching me carefully as though making sure he would remember what species I belonged to. "You're early."

"I wanted to do some extra work on shore birds."

"Extra work?" Now he was really staring at me. "Where do you teach?"

"Why do you assume that I teach anywhere?"

"Most of the class does. These field courses in natural history are set up for teachers to earn a couple of quick credits without interfering with the regular summer session. No exams are given. All you have to do to get a B in this course is to keep breathing."

"I'd like an exam," I said, "and a chance to work for an A."

"You mean you signed up because you're interested in birds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll be damned."

It was such a shock to his nervous system that he completely forgot my name and kept referring to me for the next few weeks as Mrs. Whatchamacallit—who's-interested-in-birds.

During the days that followed I was having great difficulty in identifying birds, but somewhat less in identifying my fellow bird watchers. There were the Eaters. Though they carried binoculars, field guides, notebooks and extra sweaters and sun hats, they always managed to hold a sandwich. There were the Talkers, and, though some of them looked quite young in years, their life histories already seemed inordinately long. There were the Shutterbugs, a busy lot indeed. They took pictures of the Old Mission and the Old Mission dam, each other, members of the class getting into cars and getting out of cars, Mr. Rett pointing west, Mr. Rett pointing south, Mr. Rett pointing east-by-northeast. And there was BEALS.



My attention had early been drawn to BEALS, a little old lady with a soft, benevolent smile and pure white hair pulled back in a simple bun. She wore a khaki skirt, a long-sleeved plaid cotton shirt with matching hat and a pair of navy-blue sneakers. It was the kind of versatile outfit an outdoor person needs to be comfortable in our area, where there is a wide range of temperature in any 24-hour period—a cold, foggy dawn, a hot noon sun, a brisk sea wind in the afternoon.

She also wore, suspended on a strap from her right shoulder, a leather bag where she kept some obviously old German-made binoculars and a field guide protected by a plastic wrapper. Across the top of the wrapper, in black marking pencil, was printed the word BEALS. The make and condition of her binoculars, if nothing else, should have tipped Mr. Rett off. Perhaps a succession of Eaters, Talkers and Shutterbugs had dulled his perceptions. Anyway, he was unprepared for BEALS.

"There used to be a cañon wren living around these boulders," Mr. Rett said one day when BEALS happened to be standing next to me. "Let's see if

*continued*

he's still living in the neighborhood."

He whistled the wren's song, and the sound of it was so piercingly beautiful that even some of the Talkers paused to listen. A few seconds later Mr. Rett's answer came from the creek.

He kept imitating the cañon wren in an attempt to bring him out into the open where we could all see him, but the trick didn't work, and the little singer remained hidden behind his boulder.

Meanwhile, another small brownish bird landed on a sycamore branch hanging out over the water. Merely the way it sat, motionless, erect, alert, would have indicated to a novice bird watcher that it was a flycatcher. But I wasn't even a novice yet, and all it meant to me was one more clumsy search through the field guide for one more small brownish bird.

Mr. Rett identified it, for anyone who was interested, as a Traill's flycatcher.

Immediately BEALS lowered her binoculars and raised her eyebrows. "It's an Empidonax, certainly. But Traill's? How can you be sure?"

For a few seconds Mr. Rett looked too stunned to reply. Then he said, "I know a Traill's when I see one."

"Really? Some people, some quite knowledgeable people, in fact, are content to call the whole group Empidonax and let it go at that."

She turned away with an elaborate shrug. It was the kind of gesture I'd seen performed in court when a lawyer was attempting to cast doubt in the minds of the jury about a witness's credibility.

I began to look hurriedly through the book I was carrying. My efforts, involving as they did considerable rattling of paper, groans of frustration and muttered maledictions, did not go unnoticed.

"What on earth are you doing?"

BEALS said.

"Trying to find a picture of that bird."

"What bird?"

I couldn't point, since by this time the bird had moved. I couldn't remember the word Empidonax, and it would have been rather tactless to call it a Traill's flycatcher, so I said, "The one Mr. Rett believed to be a Traill's flycatcher."

"Why shouldn't he believe it? It was."

"But you—"

"Even the experts must be kept on their toes. Unless they're challenged now and then, they tend to get sloppy or take things for granted."

With that I introduced myself to Marie Beals, who was something of an expert herself: when she had lived on Long Island she had banded 15,000 birds!

Mrs. Beals pointed out to me my basic mistake: For every minute I spent studying a bird, I was spending 10 minutes looking at the book.

"Try reversing this," she told me. "You'll have plenty of time later to study the book. It won't fly away. The bird will." I had found myself a friend.



uring the noon hour the class returned to the Museum of Natural History, where lunch was planned, prepared and served by Junior Aides—a number of girls in their early teens who did volunteer work at

the museum during the summer and after school hours. The girls also made up their own menus, which were printed on a blackboard and offered such delicacies as:

goop soup • sand witches  
false furters • dam burgers  
kookies

We ate outside at redwood picnic tables under a huge live-oak tree. Unfortunately there was a heavy infestation of oak moths that year, so the Junior Aides were able to add an unexpected item to their menu, oak-moth larvae. The wiggly creatures seemed to hang from every leaf, and the lightest brushing against an overhanging branch netted at least 50 of them on your clothes and in your hair, and naturally the odd one dropped into a sand witch or a dam burger.

Marie Beals was undismayed "It's all good, honest protein."

But I soon found out that the oak-moth larvae were the lesser of two evils

associated with eating on the museum patio that summer. The other evil was Melanie.

Melanie. The name was well chosen, since it comes from the Greek word for black, and Melanie was black indeed. Black as coal, black as night, black as ebony or jet, black, in fact, as the raven she was; black of feather, of foot, of bill, of eye and, most definitely, of heart.

I was later told that Melanie had been found when she was about a month old on Santa Cruz Island, some 25 miles offshore from Santa Barbara. Raised as a pet by a family that lived near the museum, Melanie spent her first year developing her wings and practicing the aerial acrobatics of her kind. She stayed close to home since she was fond of her adopted family and knew a good thing when she saw one. There was an additional reason: ravens are very scarce in our area. She was not tempted to join a pair of strong black wings tumbling and soaring and diving in the air, and no male voice, curiously softened and symphonized by love, called her away.

It is almost an axiom that the more intelligent a creature is, the more ways he discovers or invents to amuse himself. By this standard Melanie was a genius. At the beginning of her second spring she found out what sport there was to be had on the grounds of the museum—people to laugh at her, animals to snap at her, caged birds to denounce her. There were little girls to howl if she merely, by the purest accident, pulled out a few strands of hair in an attempt to make off with a barrette or bobby pin and little boys to shriek if she stole their pocketknives or poked them in the stomach while trying to determine if silver belt buckles were detachable. In all fairness to the children, I would like to draw the reader's attention to the size of a raven. Melanie was two feet long and, with her wings spread, four feet wide, and her beak measured three inches in length and was one inch deep at the nostril. This is a lot of beak attached to a lot of bird.

A good deal of Melanie's attention was lavished on middle-aged matrons.

She had no particular affection for them as such, but they happened to wear more jewelry than any other class of people. Earrings and necklaces, wristwatches, bracelets, jeweled pins and buttons—Melanie adored them all, not because she was female but because she was a raven. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of why birds of this family find shiny objects irresistible. Perhaps there is no explanation that can be properly translated from ravenese into humanese.

Melanie's only legitimate jewelry consisted of a pink plastic name band on her right leg, which was meant to indicate to the general public that she was no ordinary bird. She occasionally chewed the band, not with any intention of getting it off—she could have accomplished this in short order with her powerful beak—but in a lazy, desultory way, like a bored teen-ager chewing gum in class.

Melanie also had a weakness for nipping ankle socks. Her friends claimed she didn't know that socks contained ankles or that the owners of same would object vociferously. A class of visiting schoolchildren was worth at least an hour of good, clean, noisy fun. Some of the noise Melanie supplied personally, since ravens are capable of making a wide variety of sounds. The cost of first-aid equipment was running high, and the number of excuses for Melanie's conduct was getting low. The result was inevitable: the museum officials decided to banish Melanie from the grounds. As a member of the staff succinctly put it: "One of these days she's bound to take a hunk out of somebody who doesn't want to give a hunk."

The cooperation of Melanie's adopted family was, of course, necessary. When Melanie's misdeeds were spelled out to them, they professed great astonishment: "You can't mean our Melanie. She's as gentle as a lamb. There must be another raven around."

This was possible, but the family finally conceded that it seemed rather unlikely that there would be another raven wearing on her right leg a plastic

*continued*



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## Whodunit *continued*

ankle band that had the name Melane printed on it. At any rate, Melane was hamshed.

Her departure caused many changes around the museum. Visiting classes of schoolchildren were oddly quiet and monotonous. A sudden shriek splitting the air conveyed none of the *now-what?* excitement of the Melanistic days. The explanation was usually quite dull: a lady had turned her ankle, a Junior Aide had tried to pet the porcupine, a little boy had fallen into the creek or out of a tree.

The myna bird, who had taken to using Melane as a confidante, lapsed into a depressed silence and could not be coaxed into repeating the sentiment he had picked up in some mysterious period of his past. "You're a stool pigeon, Mother."

Meanwhile, Melane's fame had spread and people from out of town arrived daily, demanding to see "that trained raven" and taking a dim view of the fact that they'd driven 50 or 60 miles for nothing more than a myna bird that wouldn't talk and a porcupine that couldn't be petted.

Melane became, in *absentia*, a kind of heroine whose presence had been unappreciated and motives misunderstood. The same people who'd complained most bitterly about Melane's conduct now inquired after her health and hinted at her return. The children who'd screamed the loudest over her advances now vehemently protested her banishment. Teachers who'd accused Melane of disrupting their classes, ladies left with a single earring and Junior Aides with ankle scars—everyone wanted Melane back. So back she came.

For the first couple of days after her return Melane was a changed character. Showing the modesty becoming a folk heroine, she received the extravagant greetings and compliments of her admirers with quiet dignity and accepted tidbits of food graciously, hardly even muzzing a finger. Perched on the railing of the little bridge over the creek, she watched with regal detachment the parade of brightly colored bobby sox

and the ponytails held in place by sewed clasps. Her performance was so convincing that one patron accused museum officials of feeding her *tranquilizers*, or of doing away with the real Melanie and trying to palm off on the public an inferior substitute.

It was Melanie herself who prevented this accusation from developing into a full-fledged rumor. Her new role, in spite of the fact that she was so good at it, bored her. She was too intelligent and curious for the docile life. She missed the excitement of children racing for cover, the slamming of doors and the hunking of horns and the blowing of emergency whistles.

On the third morning after her return, a group of young girls from an out-of-town boarding school arrived at the museum. The girls were in the charge of two nuns, both of whom wore prayer beads. For poor Melanie this was temptation enough, but there was a greater one, something quite new to her world: one of the girls had attached to the laces of her saddle shoes tiny silver bells that tinkled when she walked. The bells—their gloss, their movement, their enchanting sound—were all too much for Melanie.

The girls were strangers to Melanie and she to them. Sensing this, she chose surprise tactics. Without a shadow or a whisper of warning, she swooped into the middle of the class, croaking, lunging with her beak and flapping her huge wings. No two witnesses tell the same story about what happened after that, but stones agree that the scene ended with children scattering in all directions and Melanie soaring over the oak trees, carrying a silver bell in her beak while the myna bird screamed after her. "You're a stoal pigeon, Mother! You're a stoal pigeon, Mother!"

Darkness set in before the last of the children was finally located, so it was not surprising that two days later the museum received a sharp and rather uncharitable letter from the head of the boarding school. A meeting was held at which three decisions were made:

- 1) Melanie was Melanie, and any

*continued*

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## Yastrzemski just had his hair styled. Funny, we don't hear any snickers.

Nobody calls Yast a snick. Like a lot of guys, he's simply graduated from ordinary hair cuts to the great look you get only with a professional styling job. Yast's stylist first shampoos his hair, shapes it wet, then uses a clear styling gel called Dep for Men as a hair dressing. When every hair is in place, a shot of Dep for Men Hair Spray keeps it that way, all day. In between stylings, Carl uses Dep for Men products at home to keep looking just the way you see him here. Get that great natural look yourself. Get your hair styled for a change instead of just cut. And don't forget to take home Dep for Men Styling Gel and Hair Spray to keep it looking just-styled every day.



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## Whodunit

thought of reforming her was ridiculous:  
2) All schools should discourage girls from taking up nonsensical fads like wearing bells on their shoes.

3) Visitors to the museum should be asked, on entering the grounds, to remove all jewelry before it was removed for them.

The preceding events were, of course, unknown to me when I first met Melanie. She introduced herself by landing, apparently out of nowhere, on the redwood table where Marie Beals and I were having lunch.

Marie was delighted, I was somewhat less so. A raven in the air is one thing, a raven sharing a table with you is another. And to complicate matters, I didn't even know what kind of bird Melanie was. To me she was simply the biggest, holdest and blackest I'd ever seen. For a full minute she stood motionless, with her eyes on me like a vampire but locating in advance the most vulnerable portion of the jugular vein.

"It's obviously somebody's pet," Marie said. "I wonder if it's hungry."

Marie tossed a piece of bread on the ground. Melanie didn't even bother glancing at it. Instead, she walked sedately toward my plate, removed a frankfurter, and began to eat it.

Marie watched placidly. "She needs plenty of protein."

"So do I. That's my lunch."

"Ravens, as you probably know, are scavengers. They eat carrion. So do we, if you come right down to it. A frankfurter is simply carrion that's been cooked."

Viewed in this light, the loss of my lunch didn't seem so bad.

Marie, who turned nearly every occasion into a bird lesson, was explaining to me what distinguished the raven from the crow—the heavier beak, the wedge-shaped tail, the shaggy throat feathers. If the two species are seen side by side, the most obvious difference is one of size. But birds are seldom that cooperative, and anyway, using size as a means of identification is chance. The far raven looks no larger than the next crow.

*continued*



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## Whodunit

The difference to look for, Marie said, is that of flight pattern: ravens soar like hawks, keeping their wings stiff and straight, while crows flap a great deal, and when they set their wings to glide, the wings are bent upward.

Melanie was no doubt surprised to hear this, but her only comment was a hoarse, low-pitched "Gruh." She had finished my frankfurter, or cooked carrion, and was walking around the redwood table with the expectant air of a small hoy at a circus. Will the lion escape from his cage? Will the acrobat fall? Surely the grizzly bear will attack his keeper.

For Melanie none of these things would have been nearly so exciting as what actually happened. In an effort to put a more comfortable distance between Melanie's beak and myself I stood up too abruptly and my purse fell off my lap, screwing its contents on the ground—wallet, comb, lipstick, checkbook, and pillbox, and my keys for the house, the car, and the safe-deposit box. The lipstick was in a gold case trimmed with a green glass enamel, the pillbox was turquoise enamel on copper and the five keys were attached to a silver dollar. It didn't require more than two seconds for Melanie to decide which item she wanted. Before I even realized what was happening my key ring was airborne. Up, up, up, over the toyon tree, over the oak, over the yuccamore, and to all intents and purposes, out of my life forever.

"Note the speed of a raven," Marie said, "and its mastery of—"  
 "Those are my keys."  
 "...our currents."

"I can't get home without them."  
 "Ravens are what are known as static soarers, like the booby hawks. . . . Your car keys?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Dear me, that is awkward, I was hoping you'd give me a lift as far as the courthouse."

Melanie had disappeared for a moment, but now she emerged from behind an enormous Monterey pine tree and took up a position on the very top

continued

# If you want to Stop Smoking,



*Here's  
How!*

by Y. A. Tittle

Y. A. Tittle is a former great NFL quarterback, one of the most productive passers in the history of professional football. He is now a successful insurance executive and backfield coach for the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

You need a lot of desire as well as co-operation to be a successful quarterback in tough professional football. You really have to want to make good—but even that isn't enough without plenty of help from your teammates.

There's no substitute for the same kind of desire if you want to stop smoking—and I assume you have it because you're reading this ad—but, luckily, there now is something to help you. It's a little white pill called Bantron.

After my doctor advised me to stop smoking I made many starts—with no success. Just as I needed help on the football field, I found that desire, alone, wasn't enough to stop smoking. Then Bantron was recommended to me by a friend. Bantron did the job! I stopped smoking completely in 5 days and I'm proud to say I haven't smoked in well over a year.

It's like quarterbacking my team to a championship. It was a real accomplishment.

Maybe you have the desire to stop smoking but can't! If you want help in quitting, take Bantron.

I've learned that clinical evidence has established that Bantron is more than 80% effective in helping chronic chain smokers give up smoking completely. Extensive research work at a great American University has shown that 4 out of 5 patients who had a desire to stop smoking

were able to do so within one week with the help of Bantron. Even those who didn't stop completely cut down drastically.

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Bantron is easy and pleasant to take; doesn't affect your taste for food or anything else. It really worked wonders for me. Even now, when I think of smoking, I just take Bantron instead. I recommend Bantron to everyone who wants to stop smoking quickly and easily. Try it! You'll be amazed with the results, just as I was. It really works!

Bantron is so safe when taken as directed that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. Government.



A CAMPANA PRODUCT

## Whodunit

of it. According to Marie, who was watching through binoculars, Melanie still had the key ring in her belt.

"So far, so good," Marie said. "However, she may have a cache up there—magpies and crows often have special hiding places for their treasures; perhaps ravens do too. My climbing days, alas, are over."

"Mine haven't begun."

"Well then, there we are, aren't we?"

There we were, and there we seemed destined to remain.

By this time a small crowd had gathered, including a Junior Aude who told us a little about Melanie's background, enough to convince me I'd better either call the garage or start walking. The idea of telephoning Ken occurred to me but was quickly cast aside. It is difficult for two professional writers living under the same roof to keep each other's working hours straight. But it must be done, and Ken and I had long ago worked out a system; he handles emergencies in the morning when I am writing. I handle them in the afternoon when he is writing. It was afternoon.

At this point Melanie looked down, saw the size of her audience and decided to improve the show. With a flit of her tail she sallied forth from the pine tree. Circling it once to make sure all eyes were on her, she dropped the key ring, did a complete somersault while it was falling, then swooped down and picked it out of the air. Catching a thermal updraft she repeated the performance half a dozen times, each time letting the key ring fall a little longer and a little farther. I could almost feel my heart fall with it, but Marie took a more philosophical approach to the new turn of events. "At least it tends to dispel the theory that she has a secret cache in the tree, and that's all to the good."

"I still don't have my keys."

"Forget about them. Admire the bird's performance."

Although it's always somewhat difficult to admire a performance put on at your own expense, I did my best.

Melanie had the stamina to continue her dazzling display indefinitely. Her

continued

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span of concentration, however, was short, and it was only a matter of time before she got tired of the game. The question was: At what point would she quit, before she dropped the key ring on after?

The question was soon answered. One moment my key ring was glinting in the sunlight, the next moment it disappeared somewhere in the middle of the chaparral-covered hillside and Melanie was flying, empty-beaked, back to the top of the pine tree. A long groan went up from the onlookers, and almost immediately they began to disperse as if the show had ended.

There was no use in attempting a search. The hillside was full of ticks and poison oak, and the chances of finding one small key ring in all that brush were minimal. A Junior Aide with the name Connie stitched on the pocket of her working smock claimed that Melanie had extremely sharp eyes and would certainly be able to find the keys if she wanted to. What would make Melanie want to was anybody's guess.

Meanwhile Melanie remained on her perch on top of the pine tree. Perhaps she was merely resting. More likely, she was wondering what had happened to her audience and how she could get it back again. There is no such thing as an ex-audience.

Connie, it turned out, was something of an authority on Melanie, since the girl lived with her family in the immediate neighborhood of the museum.

"Melanie used to come to all our barbecues," Connie said.

And why, I wanted to know, had Melanie stopped?

"She didn't, we did. We haven't had a barbecue since last Easter."

I didn't ask what happened last Easter. I felt that under the circumstances I was better off not knowing.

At Connie's suggestion we decided to try a new tactic based on the fact that Melanie couldn't stand being ignored. Marie, Connie and I sat down again at the redwood table and pretended to be completely engrossed in the contents of Connie's social-studies textbook. For

*continued*

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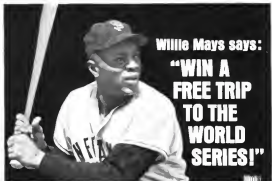
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*Whoohnit* continued

reasons which will remain forever unknown, the myna bird chose this moment to start showing off his rather limited vocabulary.

"You're a stool pigeon, Mother! You're a stool pigeon, Mother!"

Whether Melanie was galvanized into action by the myna's voice or by our ignoring her, we will never be sure. But galvanized she was. She swooped down low over the hillside and, without an instant's hesitation, located the key ring in the underbrush and picked it up.

The speed of her performance raises questions. Did she remember where she'd dropped the key ring? Or could she actually see it in the middle of all that brush?

Probably we will never know exactly how Melanie found the key ring with such speed and will have to be content with the fact that she did find it. She landed on the redwood table, wearing the keys proudly in her beak. Both Marie and I made attempts to grab them away from her, but each time Melanie let out a reproachful croak and daintily stepped beyond our reach.

"You'll never get it from her that way," Connie said. "My dad tried that at Easter and Melanie still has his gold-plated monogrammed bottle opener. If you want her to give up something, you should offer her a substitute."

We finally decided, after a brief caucus and the discovery that we had nothing to give up, that we would have to appeal to another aspect of Melanie's greed. She was always hungry, Connie said, and frankfurters were her particular weakness, especially if they were doused with ketchup or barbecue sauce. Connie went to the kitchen and returned with two ketchup-covered frankfurters on a paper plate. She put the plate on the ground about 10 feet away from Melanie, who had turned her head and was ignoring the whole business.

"She's not hungry," I said.

Connie disagreed. "She's just pretending. Keep watching and be ready to grab the keys when she drops them."

For the next few minutes Melanie gave an Academy Award performance as she



who couldn't care less. She took a few dainty steps and gazed pensively up at the sky; she studied the oak trees and the sycamores; she lifted her right foot and examined her name band like a bored young woman consulting her wristwatch; she cocked her head to listen to the myna bird, who was still telling mother she was a stool pigeon.

Then, suddenly, Melanie plunged to the ground. I think she meant to pick up both frankfurters while still retaining the key ring, but even Melanie's formidable beak wasn't capable of managing such a load. There are probably few times in life when a person is grateful for a ketchup-covered key ring. That was one of them.

Even now, Melanie's admirers point out that it was a hot summer that year, and if excuses are made for human misconduct during a heat wave, they should certainly be made for corvine delinquency. But the fact is that ravens are as impervious to climate as they are to environment. No, it was not the heat that was responsible for Melanie's repeated indiscretions: it was the restlessness in her bones, the quickening of her blood. Melanie was growing up. While her misdeeds were not planned to call attention to the fact that the time had come when she needed the company of another raven to carry out her purpose in life, this was the effect of them. It was decided that Melanie should be returned to Santa Cruz, the island where she was born.

Her journey across the 25 miles of channel was taken in style on a boat borrowed for the occasion by her adopted family. Melanie rode in the galley, sitting part of the time on the refrigerator, the rest on the top bunk. She was very quiet and refused to eat. Perhaps she was seasick or tired. I can't, however, discount the possibility that she was quietly remembering her first sea voyage and all the things that had since happened to her—and to a lot of others—and her fine collection of admirers and earrings and silver bells that had to be left behind. Any ornithologist will tell you ravens don't think, but any friend

*continued*

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



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*Whodunit* continued

of Melanie's will insist they do. She was released from the galley 50 yards offshore. Rising on her toes like a ballerina, she lifted her great black wings and flew straight toward the land of her birth and of her destiny. She didn't look back.

Since that day I have visited Santa Cruz Island many times and have seen in the sky bald eagles, peregrine falcons, red-tailed hawks, and, of course, ravens, many ravens. But none of them wore a pink plastic band on its right leg. The band is probably gone anyway; she would have long since chewed it off as the last vestige of her flighty youth.

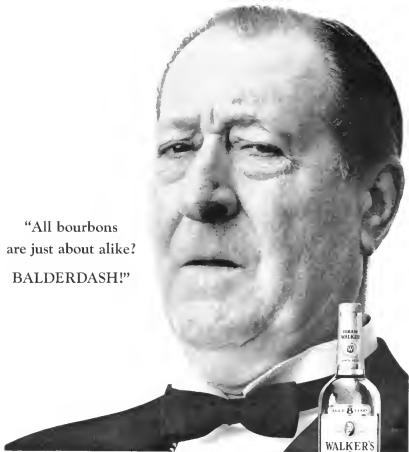
Yet the memory of Melanie remains sharp, and of Houdunat, and a hundred others I have known since—the pig-headed pigeon who refused to leave town, the scrub jay who planted our neighbor's yard with sunflower seeds, all neatly arranged, row by row; the dove who managed to get inside a bird feeder but was hopelessly trapped once he ate away the seeds he was standing on; the thumb-sized bush rat who raised her brood on doughnuts.

Some kinds of addiction are incurable. A heroin addict can be kept off his drug in a prison cell for years, but the result is not a cure. A bird watcher can be confined to a room with the blinds drawn and the windows closed tight. But when one of the windows is opened and a snatch of bird song drifts in, when a blind is raised and a small creature wings by, or certain leaves in a tree stir without wind, the addiction is more powerful than ever. It carries with it, however, a lifetime guarantee. Wherever you go in this world—the rain forests of the Amazon, the Arctic tundra, the Mojave Desert, the Swiss Alps, the Taj Mahal, the top of the Empire State Building or the middle of Main Street, Peoria, Ill.—no matter where you find yourself, there'll be birds to watch and you'll never again be bored.

Occasionally I am asked what difference bird watching has made in my life. I can only say that the days don't begin quickly enough, and the years go by too soon.

END

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

### SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Sirs:

Your article on Oakland (*Of Cur of Complexes*, April 13) was very well done and Frank Deford should be commended for a well-researched report. Oakland is my home town and I'm proud of it, not because we have finally outdone San Francisco but because Oakland—maybe with the aid of the coliseum complex—has finally emerged as a city with its own color, charm and style. I think Oakland is in a stage of "getting back" at San Francisco for the many years of ridicule. I hope that this "getting back" will not be a permanent way of life. Oakland can elevate itself from this pettiness and become an attraction on its own.

Mr. Deford's perception of Oakland is very real and nakedly true. Since I am away at school, I can see the situation objectively. I hope this article will inspire effective corrective measures by the city fathers.

STANFORD CHIN

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

Many thanks to SI and Writer Frank Deford for an outstanding and comprehensive effort. The article was timely and as objective as any I've read. Undoubtedly you will be swamped with letters from indignant and outraged Oakland partisans, all of which will only make the article more believable.

JOSEPH PARETI

San Francisco

Sirs:

Frank Deford's reporting on Oakland makes *Proviso* read like the *Cleveland Star*. I am surprised SI would stoop to this level. With writers like him, you don't need subscribers like me.

W. E. RESTORINI, D.D.S.

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Fearing that you might reject out of hand any antagonistic letter from an Oakland native concerning Frank Deford's article, let me first praise the author for his attempt to point out the futility of a community's trying to gain identity for itself simply by gathering up every loose sports franchise in creation. It is a point well taken.

There are, however, certain valid criticisms that can be made. The author accuses the *Oakland Tribune* of being overly optimistic in assessing the chances of the various Oakland franchises, while he spouts rumor after rumor of disaster for these same teams, hardly a more realistic approach. He chides the

city for not supporting the Seals and the Oaks, even when, as Deford himself admits, the former are inept, the latter are hardly worse off than the ABA as a whole, and both are mired deep in last place in their respective leagues. There is little to indicate that they would draw better elsewhere.

Concerning the facts that many Oakland Negro residents feel resentment against their white neighbors and that a school bond issue failed at the polls, these are hardly circumstances peculiar to Oakland. This city's relative tranquility during recent "long, hot summers" and the private generosity that finally did raise the money that the defeated bond issue would have contributed for high school athletics are signs that there just may be, Mr. Deford to the contrary, "something different about Oakland."

J. SCOTT SUTKIN

Oakland, Calif.

### MAJOR IMPROVEMENT

Sirs:

You call baseball's expansion teams the "high minors" (*Scorecards*, April 1). What about the majors of, say, 1920? Were they high minors? The population of the United States in 1920 was about 105,000,000 and it supplied enough major league talent for 16 teams. Are you saying that nearly 200,000,000 people can't supply enough baseball talent for 24 major league teams?

Why not, in the eyes of some fans and writers, that modern-day baseball never seems to be as good as it was in Grandpa's time? Records in most sports are being broken year after year and future stars for most sports are being born every day. Wouldn't this also be true of baseball?

WILLIAM L. JENSEN

Phoenix, Ariz.

### A MAN WHO SWIMS

Sirs:

I am sure this is only one of many letters you have received congratulating Gilbert Rogin for his exceptional article on Dun Schollander, who is obviously an extraordinary personality (*Is Schollander a Swimmer?*, April 1). Speaking as one of Schollander's contemporaries, I must say that I was amazed by the perception and clarity Schollander exhibited in his grasp of the problems of this younger generation. I was also considerably enlightened by several of his conclusions.

Twenty years from now SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be remembered as having been the first to introduce this athlete as an intellectually gifted, articulate person, for I am certain that Schollander will remain in the

continued

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## SBTH HOLE *continued*

public eye, no less as a swimmer but more as a man "who happened to swim."

JOHN C. CLARK

Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

Thank you for Gilbert Rogin's revealing story of that well-known "nonswimmer," Don Schollander. He showed the public that Schollander is not an athlete but a spoiled brat. No true athlete "buys it," as Schollander bragged of doing in a meet against Dartmouth. No true athlete tells the press, "inwardly I feel I own the 200." No decent team captain would sit aloof in the balcony of the natatorium reading a newspaper while his teammates were beginning the meet.

Athletes don't have to devote 24 hours a day to their sport. That does not keep Don Schollander from being a true swimmer. It is his definitely self-centered attitude.

ED HARGETT

Bremerton, Wash.

Sirs:

It is certainly refreshing and very unusual to find that a person prominent in the collegiate sports world is so adept at expressing himself, evaluating his ideals and maintaining his pleasing personality and all-American image, without becoming a detested like Bill Bradley. I hope Don Schollander typifies our U.S. Olympians.

JAMES LIBBY JR.

Quincy, Mass.

Sirs:

As captain of Yale's 1966 swimming team, I take decided exception to Don Schollander's remark that Yale is not the place for anyone who is really interested in swimming. An examination of the scores of this year's NCAA championships shows that the Yale team, which finished second overall, scored more points in the swimming events than any other team in the meet. This fact speaks for itself in any comparison of the merits of the Yale swimming program with the programs of other schools.

More important, however, is Yale's "no-cut" policy, which assures everyone who tries out for the team a full season of training and competition. For those swimmers who have not attained the competitive status of a Schollander, this is an important and meaningful part of a college athletic career. To be able to run this program with such success is, I think, a great tribute to Coach Phil Mortuary and his assistants.

GROVER S. HILL JR.

New York City

## IMPACT

Sirs:

Last August you focused state and national attention upon the conservation problems of Galveston Bay, where the dredging

*continued*



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## 16TH HOLE

of oyster shell for industrial purposes, depleting a precious natural resource (*Dredging Up a Texas Squabble*, Aug. 14). The destruction of live oyster reefs has been ignored by the state agency responsible for the regulation of dredging. Indeed, the heartless exploitation is licensed and approved by the state. The dredgers have protected themselves through the years by building warm personal relationships with key political figures, and this, coupled with the public apathy that resulted from the failure of Texas newspapers to expose the situation, has enabled the shell dredgers to remove most of the shell from the bay.

At last it appears that this combination may be broken, for the three leading candidates for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination have spoken out against harmful shell dredging. The leading liberal, Don Yarborough, the leading conservative, Preston Smith, and the leading moderate, John Hill, have all taken public stands against the destruction of oyster reefs in Galveston Bay. In addition, the *Dallas Morning News* and *The Houston Post* have contributed lengthy studies of the issue.

Such developments were unthinkable in Texas politics even two years ago. Much of this increased public awareness can be traced to your article, which may yet compel the state to recognize the facts that Edw. Shraake presented so clearly.

ED J. HARRIS  
State Representative

Galveston, Texas

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's article, *How to Stop the Pillage of America* (Dec. 11), has had a very interesting impact, from my viewpoint. Conservationists throughout the country have, of course, reacted to MF's proposals, but even more important to me is the fact that two local Long Island happenings may very well have long-range conservation importance.

As a direct result of your article, a local Bay Shore Lions Club has asked me to speak to its members. The club has already formed a conservation committee, and it now wants to promote a Lions' conservation endeavor. It is most unusual to find a group of businessmen (many of them builders) willing to reexamine, in the light of a new viewpoint, what, in essence, is the product of their own works.

Secondly, and at least partially as a result of your article, I have been invited to advise one township on Long Island in conservation planning.

From a conservation standpoint, I consider these important steps forward.

ROD VAN DYKE  
President  
Conservation Planners Inc.

New York City



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